TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The Carnival is, of course, the event of the week. It opened rather inauspiciously, and nothing but the enterprise of Jarvis street residents prevented the promenade concert from being the most complete fizzle imaginable. It is all over now, but it must be admitted that the music on Monday night, while it was the best that could be discoursed by the bands present, was anything but sufficient. The musicians came expecting to take part in an illumination, and not having their torches could not play in the dark. It is said that a sufficient number of bands were engaged to play, but whether they went away in disgust or remained silent because they had no light, the fact is that the music for the promenade concert was not what it should have been. The residents, however, had done their part nobly and not only were the decorations and illuminations conspicuously good, but open house was the rule of the street and gay companies thronged nearly every residence. The idea of a string of Chinese lanterns on each side of the street was an absurdity; the private citizens did the lantern business and electric lights should have illuminated the thoroughfare. The trouble which has interfered with the carnival throughout was the origin of the bungle of Monday night. One man was trying to run the whole thing, and no one man could run it, even though he were as able and energetic as Ald. Dodds. From every source I hear the same complaint, that the chairman of the committees seemed impressed with the idea that no one was willing or able to do anything but himself and the consequence was that nothing was more than half done. The committees were all disheartened and disgusted, and while Mr. Dodds worked almost day and night his labor was performed in that spirit of being proprietor of the event which really prohibited co operation. The police of Toronto are capable of doing foolish things individually, but collectively they are not such complete asses as one would have to believe if upon them the onus of Monday night's fizzle is to be placed. Thousands of dollars were spent on Jarvis street on decorations and entertainment with the idea that the music of many bands was to make the night a "concourse of sweet sounds." That disappointment and chagrin felt by the residents is not strange and I imagine that it will be a long time before they will again take the same trouble under the same management, though I sincerely hope that the possibilities of a delightful evening on the street when the whole city may be invited, will lead to the formation of a committee for an annual First of July promenade concert.

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I esteem Ald. Dodds as a man of unusual energy and capacity for organization which is rarely excelled, and I hope that I shall not be misunderstood when I say that this whole Carnival business has been spoiled by his desire to make a personal boom for himself even though the city suffered. He was mistaken in imagining the city would have been ungrateful had he been more assiduous in concealing his personality and advancing the interests of Toronto. Last year's experience proved that we are not ungrateful, this year's performance will possibly demonstrate that we are not blind. Dominion Day this year was not more suitably celebrated than last year, and that was the chief end which was in view. The events of Dominion Day, '89, were this year scattered over four days with but slight additions, and the effect of it has been to detract from the success of the central event, and to make strangers leave us in disgust.

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We have had a Carnival in name only. A portion of the trouble has been caused by a misconception of what the original promoters of the Carnival idea really meant. Toronto has outgrown the necessity of a market day. What we desired was to attract visitors to see notable events, and it was urged that such visitors having been attracted the money they would spend in the city would reimburse us for our expense. Instead of this, we have had such a programme as might have answered for Galt or Hamilton, but was absolutely unworthy of Toronto. The press of the country has truthfully but unchariably denominated our Carnival as a "fake" and with the exception of the celebration of Dominion Day it has been a fake. The only noticeable features have been those contributed by the citizens. If we have had $15,000 worth of attractions added to individual enterprise the public will be glad to see the bill of particulars, and by the way, are waiting for this bill. Subscriptions were given most generously, but disappointment is universal. Nobody begrudges what he has spent, but there is a general feeling that the whole outfit was beneath the dignity of Toronto and instead of being an advertisement of our metropolitan status it was simply a declaration that we are an overgrown village addicted to foot-races and a display of our aldermen and school trustees in a procession of hacks.

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I advocated the idea of a summer carnival, but not on the scale on which it was carried out. Those who advocated a summer carnival had the idea of a musical and dramatic festival with such military and aquatic events as would have been memorable, so that visitors from the other side would have gone home feeling that they had seen something not common to every cross-roads fair or water-side hamlet. Such features were apparently abandoned because they contained no element of personal glory for the promoters of the enterprise. The floats, which were a part of the show, were but rude copies of what might have been hired at less expense had sufficient forethought been used. But there is no earthly reason why such designs should have been employed in a Canadian pageant. The beaver that looked like a pop bottle was the only suggestion of Canada—but let us drop the subject. It was a complete fizzle, except in point of attendance, and Toronto would have been much better off if the personal ambition of one man had not been permitted to divert the enterprise and enthusiasm of the citizens into the one-horse catch-penny performance which has left us open to the jeers of our neighbors, the ridicule of the press of Canada.

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Last Tuesday was the twenty-third anniversary of Canadian Federation. On that day, as was natural and right, throughout the whole of Canada many expressions were heard of pride in our past and hope for the future. The British North America Act which holds these provinces together is confessedly a faulty and improperly constructed document and the effect of the civil war, which had been waged to the south of us, having made our statesmen fearful of the construction which would be put upon it, several of its clauses were indefensible except as compromises necessary to bring about federation. It was hoped at the time that after a family of provinces had lived harmoniously together for a few years mutual confidence would make it possible to readjust the relations then established. It is to be regretted that such confidence has not been established, that at no period in our history has the inter-provincial distrust been greater than at the present moment. Of course Ontario is the province which was chiefly sacrificed to procure unity and she continues to be the hostage of federation, suffering disabilities not felt by other provinces, though she pays three-fifths of the taxation and has by far the largest share of wealth and population.

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It seems to me that the revision of the B. N. A. Act is yearly becoming a more pressing necessity. It is claimed by our French-Canadian neighbors that the compact entered into twenty-three years ago must continue to exist in so far as our disabilities are concerned, though at the inter-provincial conference held not long ago the Local Premiers agreed to some eighteen changes they felt to be desirable. Thus we find Quebec clamors for the continuance of the portions of the agreement unfavorable to us while eager to reconstruct the act to benefit themselves.

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I hold that the primary, formative period of our history has been completed, that Ontario has a right in proportion to her population to insist upon necessary changes in our fundamental law. Further I contend that, should the changes we demand be within the scope of the British constitution, Quebec has no right to secede. During the first two decades of the constitution under which the Thirteen Colonies lived a large number of changes were made. It is true that they were submitted to the legislatures of the various states but it must be remembered that that constitution originally contained those provisions for which Ontario is agitating. If we were to amend our constitution in the same way, these changes would be impossible, as they would have been impossible in the Thirteen Colonies. The people of Canada were never appealed to except in a general way. Men who are now less than forty-four years old have had no voice in settling the questions dealt with at Federation. Is it a reasonable contention that the greater half of the electors of to-day, not having had a voice in the articles of partnership, together with the generations yet to come must be forever debarred from readjusting terms which so many hold to be un-British, undemocratic and subversive of the idea of nationality and unity which Confederation was intended to promote? Such amendments as are necessary should be submitted to the vote of the people. At once a demand should be made for a revision, for this settlement, and an educational campaign begun by all newspapers which have a higher ideal of their duty to the people than the mere publication of the news of the day and the opinions of their party.

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Some people are disposed to poke fun at the uniformed ranks of the various secret and benevolent societies as being indicative of vanity and a weakness for display. As I saw them march past on Dominion Day, their brilliant uniforms and waving plumes added brightness and color to the pageant, and their marching in nearly every instance was exceedingly well done. The boys of the cadet corps from the public schools, with their wooden guns and toy swords, were not ridiculous, because in them we see recruits for the militia. The majority of men who belong to the uniformed societies lack time and opportunity for a military training in the volunteer forces, but why should they be debarred from the physical culture and some knowledge of military tactics because cynics are ready to jeer at their supposed desire to play soldier. The same scoffers turn up their noses at the militia for the same reason. But it is said that the uniforms are too gaudy. Though I should not care to wear one myself yet I like to see them. Why, may I ask, is it improper for a man to wear a bright and handsome color? Are women to be the only ones who can add beauty to a scene by their gay apparel? Until recent years men every day wore brilliant colors, and many a good and brave man took pride in adorning his person in gayer furbelows than the uniformed societies wear. It will be an unfortunate thing if the world ever comes to that pass that a man is to be declared ridiculous because he adds something to the gaiety and color of the throng on festal days. By all means encourage the uniformed societies, and on such occasions as Dominion Day we shall have reason to be thankful that the celebration is not carried on without some flashes of light and color, and in time of war these bright uniforms will be replaced by others, and the marching and training of the lodge rooms and private armories will be found advantagous.

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The retirement of Mr. John Cameron from the managing directorship of the *Globe* Printing Company was made the occasion of a banquet at the Reform Club last Saturday evening when many of the prominent Reform politicians and business men of this city bore testimony to the high esteem in which Mr. Cameron is held. The late editor of the *Globe* had a difficult task assigned to him when he came to Toronto, and through the years which have elapsed he has made no effort to earn a great name for himself at the expense of the newspaper which was given him to manage. Mr. Cameron was thoroughly loyal to the *Globe*. I am almost diametrically opposed to him with regard to nearly every matter of public policy which has been under discussion within the past few years, and I do not agree with him in his newspaper methods, but I esteem him for the very loyalty which made him a willing sacrifice on the altar of the *Globe*. I have known but few men who, had they been given the opportunity afforded Mr. Cameron, would have refused to make a name for themselves, to acquire some sort of greatness no matter whether the newspaper suffered or not. Mr. Cameron did not do this. He esteemed it his duty to be as nearly as possible unknown, to lose his identity and to be but a portion of the machinery. Men seldom get credit for ability when they thus obliterate themselves. It is usual to question their courage because they seemingly have not dared to venture into sight. Yet sometimes, we know, the modest loyalty of a man leads him to do much and to dare much for another or for a corporation without expecting to have his name written on the honor roll of fame or even hoping that his service shall be fully appreciated. I think such a man makes a mistake. Those of us who write are supposed to have opinions and I for one am not prepared to sink my opinions at the dictation of anybody. I may be wrong in the views I hold. As long as I hold them I will defend them. When I am convinced of my error I am ready to abandon them, thoroughly believing that in upholding such views I shall have many people of my way of thinking and that such arguments as convinced me when presented to my readers will in the main convince them. If such questions were not argued at all, undisturbed ignorance would continue to exist and if I were never to take a position without being absolutely convinced of its impregnability I should be forever weighing my opinions amidst the silence of indecision. On the other hand when a man permits others to tell him what he believes or what he should believe, he can find nothing but a half-hearted support to offer and his mind is never really made up as to what he does or does not believe. One day he is teaching that the world is round and the next, because he is loyal to someone who desires the people to believe it flat, is shouting vigorously that the sphere on which we live is formed like a pancake. I think the permitting of other people to mould our opinions, or worse still, to dictate the policy we are to pursue, is a most debauching procedure. It injures the man who is made the instrument of such teaching. The public, quick to detect insincerity, becomes cynical. Even the cynicism which is the outgrowth of what is known as hack journalism, is worked upon by the newspaper demagogue who, without sincere convictions of his own, is everlastingly denouncing the sincere man who, having honestly urged one method until convinced of his error, is too conscientious to continue his wrong teaching and makes haste to correct his mistakes, in order to prevent others from remaining under a cloud of error.

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No matter how this may be, and I am sure the man who is conscientious is not the one who has the most friends, the most followers or the greatest reputation for consistency, the fact remains that the man who is loyal to his employers is deserving of respect in this age when loyalty is so rare and ambition is so willing to vault over the heads of the men who have made vaulting possible. That a man has sacrificed his own opinions in many cases, that a man has really outraged his best impulses in order to serve those who had made him their chief newspaper executive, is creditable to the possessor of such an impulse. Yet we must not forget that the strong man who hath within him the elements of greatness may be loyal and refuse to make such sacrifices, that while to-day he may seem intractable and opinionated, to-morrow may prove that what had seemed selfishness and obstinacy was but foreknowledge of events necessarily to be evolved from right and justice. While we take this view of it we must remember that only strength can resist the importunities and arguments of men who demand a policy for to-day. Only something akin to greatness can conceive of what the morrow must necessarily bring forth and that the man who is not confident of himself, while he may feel reasonably sure, does not dare to take the risk of being mistaken and would rather fulfil the demand made upon him by his advisers than be their best friend and refuse to do what seemed to him wrong. The difficulty of such a position must be manifest to everyone, and that amidst many harassing circumstances Mr. Cameron did as well as he has done and did it with such loyalty to his employers, should be remembered.

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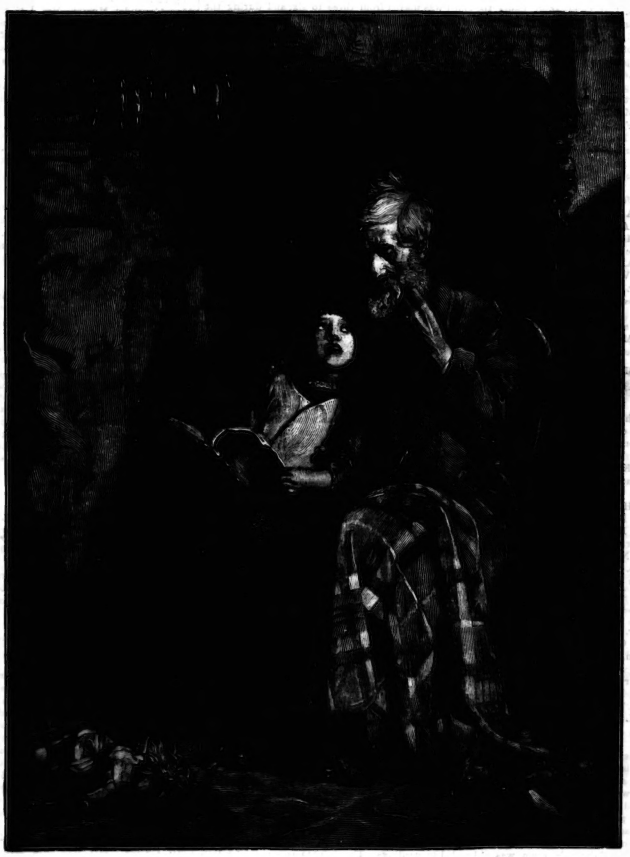
Toronto is an extremely good city. In fact, I know of no place where goodness goes to the extreme that it does here. I don't believe our merchants are more honest or our tradesmen more God-fearing than in other cities, but in an official sense our goodness is unrivalled. On Sunday only those who have money enough to keep a carriage or hire a trap at a livery stable can ride; the poor must go afoot in order that our goodness may be heralded to the balance of the world. With one exception the daily newspapers support this state of affairs, not because they believe in it, for those who conduct newspapers are too well informed to maintain such an untenable position. I am glad to see, however, that almost without exception the absurdity of tagging newsboys and carrying our police surveillance any further than it has already been permitted to go has impressed itself upon the newspapers. The numerous arrests recently made of decent young men who have tried to find some place within easy access of Toronto where they could



A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

take a dip in the lake, has also made it apparent that Toronto has become so prudish that it will not be long before householders are arrested unless they put trowsers on their piano legs. The island has been leased to cottagers who sit on their verandas with spy-glasses in order to be shocked when some unfortunate young man takes off his clothes and goes into the water. It seems impossible for him to make the trip between his boat on the beach and water enough to cover himself without some one being horrified. Of course everyone supports the police in preventing the bathing of nude persons in public places, but the most sequestered spots are occasionally visited by somebody, and now the small boy and the artisan who have a few moments to spare and an impulse towards cleanliness and a dip in the lake find nowhere to go unless they have bathing suits with them. It is to be hoped that some part of our coast line may be declared available for bathers. There is no objection to the police visiting such spots and preventing intentional and indecent exposure—such things should be properly punished—but a halt should be called in this acceptance of every old wife's complaint. The people who are anxious to be shocked will always go where they can find something shocking. Clean-minded people can look the other way and feel quite comfortable if by chance they drift in their boat too close to a bathing place. These prudes who are continually making the complaints that cause this trouble remind me of the deputation which once visited an old bachelor who had a notion that window blinds were an invention of the Evil One to hide things in the lives of house-dwellers. The deputation called upon him to state that ladies were able every night to observe him retiring to his bed with a light in his room and no blind on his window. He refused to put up a blind with the remark that if ladies were passing while he was going to bed they would not look, and that if they were not ladies he did not care.

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Previously acknowledged	$8 00
C. H. B.	4 00
W.	5 00
Toronto Lithographing Co.	5 00
"London"	5 00
R. S. W.	1 00
Five little girls	7 25
Total	$35 25

The last contribution was accompanied by the following letter, a sympathetic tribute itself:

DEAR DON,—We five little girls held a children's bazaar at 267 Wellesley street, on Friday, June 27, and realized $7.25 for the Fresh Air Fund. Wishing we had more to send, we remain, Yours truly,

VIOLET BRENT.
MABEL DINSMORE.
ALICE WILLMOTT.
ADDIE KERSHORE.
MAUD DUFF.

* * *

At last Gen. Middleton has resigned. It was hard work to pull the old man away from the trough, but he had to come. This country has had enough of him. Theoretically he is the hero of a war; practically he is an over-rated officer who obtained subsidy and a title, as in his previous history he obtained nothing else—at an easy canter. He cannot understand Canadian newspapers; he says he is sick of them. Sir Fred, come to one side and let us breathe into your capacious ear—We are used to such fellows as you are! Even honest men in this country are not permitted to pass without scrutiny, though they have served long and well. We are not overawed by your size, shape or title. There isn't much style out here, but there is plenty of rude honesty and alert criticism. You are doubtless a jolly, off-hand fellow with a Number 10 opinion of yourself. We have had scores of that sort of good fellows who have been unable to keep their hands off other people's stuff, though they were popular they went to jail. You are in luck, you are simply goin' 'ome. Don't kick; if you hadn't been a general you would have been doing five years in this blawsted country, blawsting rock with a pick.

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The bass, with a few delightful exceptions, refused to bite but had they felt the gnawing of an appetite such as we developed, they would have bitten at a bare hook. Six of us a week ago were fishing in Georgian Bay, and we had a tug to take us to the good places but bass and pike and 'longe and pickerel had gone elsewhere, and at the end of the two days we had scarcely four apiece. What difference did it make? The fun was as fast and furious as if through roasting sun and pelting rain the miracle of the apostolic catch of fish had been repeated. Never was there a jollier party, nobody tried to boss the job, not a man got mad when he became the victim of a practical joke, or an untruthful yarn. When by the tardiness of two of us the tug was unable to return to Penetanguishene at night, and we were all forced to sleep on benches or in the hold without blanket or pillow, good nature still prevailed. The more industrious fished twelve or fifteen hours a day without changing the badness of the unvarying luck; I rose at three and trolled and waited till seven without getting anything more satisfactory than a mosquito bite, but every moment was fraught with pleasant expectancy. We all bought fish and palmed them off on the balance of the party as our own catch and possibly excited momentary twinges of envy, but the joke was always too good to keep, and before we got home mutual confidences had betrayed the fraud, and we were comparing the prices we had paid. Ever since we have been telling stories of each other, until the whole affair—if we have told the truth—was a scandalous departure from conventionalities. Yet we go on thoroughly understanding that none of us are believed. It added years to my life and I lie in bed and laugh to think of the fun we had. Oh thou dear old fishing trip, how I love thee, with thy freedom from restraint, thy avoidance of truth, thy harmless fictions and undeceptive exaggerations! The fair moon as she shines over rock and shallow, over hill and river, over sleeping bays and slumbering hills seems to enwrap the conscience of the fisherman with the soft uncertainties of size, distance and number which people the waters with shadowy islands and reflected trees. Soft as were the winds and incredible the tales whispering about the camp-fire, in memory there live yet brighter scenes and stranger romances which are but the shadows and reflections of the waters of Georgian Bay. A man loses time and spends money going fishing, but he gains health and fills his poor empty old heart with joys, that like a piece of boyhood which the kind gods lift out of the far and happy past and drop into the emptiness of yesterday—so near to us that when we lean back in our chair to talk it over, it envelops us—and God bless you, poor stay-at-home, idle money maker, thou buyer of fish at a stall, we are for the moment completely, overwhelmingly happy.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Last Thursday night the hop at Niagara took a large number of Toronto people over the lake. The uniformed men looked handsome indeed as they flitted through the spacious dining-room, for scarlet coats and bronzed faces always lend a unique splendor to a social gathering. The charming informality of the summer season makes itself apparent even in ball-rooms, and a little of the stiffness in growing was conspicuously absent. The young girls were there to enjoy themselves, and the prettiest and the most delicate gowns had been left home. There was a goodly representation from Toronto, quite a number from Buffalo, and many from the surrounding towns.

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These are a few of those who were present: Miss Michie, Miss Skeaff, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Miss Annie Henderson, Miss Tennie Henderson of Toronto, Mr. T. H. Stinson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Stinson of Hamilton, Miss McGivern of Hamilton, Mrs. Melfort Boulton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lewis of St. Louis, Dr. and Mr. Anderson, Capt. W. A. Milloy of Niagara, Captain R. Myles of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McDougall of Niagara, Major General Paige, U. S. A., Captain Hoffman, U. S. A., Mrs. and Miss Hubbard, Mrs. Leith of Ancaster, Miss Allie Bunting of Toronto, Mrs. Charles Stewart, Miss Stewart of Port Hope, Mrs. G. E. Shepley of Toronto, Miss Leslie of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McFadden of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Hart, Col. Welch, jr., Miss J. M. Welch of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Miss Fanny Smith, Mrs. J. J. Foy, Miss Maude Rutherford, Miss Amy Rutherford, Miss Arthurs, Mrs. J. K. Lester of Toronto, Lieut. Lee, U. S. A., Dr. Gerard, U. S. A., Capt. Gilbreth, U. S. A., Lieut. Hurst, U.S.A.; Lieut. Emery, U.S.A.; Master Paige and Master Gerrard, from Devoe Military College; Capt. Smyth, Maj. McGillivray, Lieut. E. A. McDonald, Capt. Roach, Maj. King, Maj. Van Wagner, Capt. Beatty, Lieut. McCrae, Dr. Lindsay, Dr. Osborne, Dr. Reid, Lieut. Simpson and others.

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Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Beatty of Queen's Park and Mr. Harry Gamble sailed for England this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and Mrs. J. K. Kerr left town this week for a trip across the ocean.

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Some of the fancifully decorated and illuminated houses on Jarvis street to which friends were welcomed last Monday were those belonging to Messrs. John Morrison, Davies, George W. Kiely, John B. McCall, C. J. Whitehead, William Brand, John Nasmith, Donald McDermid, William Mulock, M. P., Thomas Taylor, A. H. McKinnon, T. H. Carroll, John Taylor, J. D. King, Richard Brown, Kirkland, A. B. Lee, Mark H. Irish, Mrs. M. Rutherford, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mr. Alexander Nairn, Father Laurent, Mrs. John Dixon, Mrs. A. J. Mason, Mrs. W. T. Mason, Mr. Joseph McCausland, Mr. Thomas Long, Mr. H. S. Mara, Mrs. A. T. McCord, Mrs. Carruthers, Mr. Charles Moss, Q.C., Mr. R. J. Tackaberry, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. R. W. Spence, Mr. T. O. Anderson, Mr. P. Hughes, Mrs. R. J. Griffith, Mr. William Platt, Mr. John Lydon, Mr. James B. Boustead, Mr. M. McConnell, Mr. D. Brooks, Mr. S. B. Brush, Mr. Walter S. Lee, Dr. Sheard, Mr. John Ritchie, sr., Rev. Dr. Parsons, Mr. G. McCampbell, Dr. A. Smith, Mr. Sutherland Scayner, Mr. John Leys, Dr. Reeve, Mr. William McConnell.

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On Wednesday at noon the elegant residence of Mr. William Mulock, M.P., of Jarvis street was quietly astir with the guests who had been invited to witness the marriage of Mr. W. A. Murray and Mrs. Sarah Cawthra. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Walsh, and took place in the library, the bridal couple standing beneath a marriage bell of white carnations. Mrs. Cawthra's gown was a handsome silk in steel gray. It was made *en traine*, and with it was worn a small gray bonnet. A brooch of fine diamonds, the gift of the groom was a noticeable ornament. Mrs. Mulock wore gray silk and brocade, with bonnet to match; Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, golden brown silk and bonnet of yellow roses; Mrs. John Murray, cream gown with trimmings of green ribbon and velvet hat to match; Mrs. James Crowther, lavender gown with sleeves and trimmings of purple velvet, hat of violets; Mrs. Coulson, cream and garnet gown, sleeves of velvet and trimmings of venetian lace, bonnet of black lace, garnet velvet and flowers; Mrs. W. Murray, navy blue and white silk; Mrs. Falconbridge, black satin and lace, with bonnet of cream lace; Miss Crowther, brown and tan costume; Mrs. Moss, flame-colored suit, bonnet to match and corsage bouquet of scarlet cacti; Mrs. James Murray, black with white lace fichu, hat of foliage and pink roses.

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Among those present were: Rev. Canon Mulock of Kingston, Mr. Justice Falconbridge, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Crowther, sr., Dr. G. S. Ryerson, Miss Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. William Murray, Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. William Crowther, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Mr. Hugh Leach, and Mr. Murray of Hamilton.

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Mr. and Mrs. Murray left soon after the ceremony for a trip across the Atlantic. The bride's traveling toilette was a navy blue cloth gown and dark bonnet.

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Miss Schrieber, who has been paying a visit to Miss Campbell at Government House, has returned to her home in Ottawa.

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Mrs. McMaster of Sherbourne street is spending the heated term at Lorne Park, while her daughter, Mrs. Blackstock, is in Europe.

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The farewell dinner tendered Mr. John Cameron on the occasion of his retirement from the managing directorship of the *Globe*, took place on Saturday evening last. Mayor Clarke presided, and among the eighty guests were: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Goldwin Smith, W. R. Brock, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Rev. Dr. Stafford, Rev. Hugh Johnston, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Dr. Daniel Clark, J. D. Edgar, Joseph Tait, M.P.P., Sheriff Mowat, W. B. McMurrich, G. M. Rose, Alexander Pirie, J. I. Davidson, William Mulock, M.P., Aid. Hallam, Ald. Boustead, H. W. Darling.

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Miss Cameron, daughter of Mr. Hector Cameron, entertained fifteen of her schoolmates at Howard Lake on Friday of last week. Mrs. Cameron chaperoned the party.

Mrs. Alfred Cameron left the city last week for Cape Elizabeth, Maine, where she will spend the summer.

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Mrs. J. Herbert Mason and family have gone to Muskoka for the summer.

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The Toronto Cricket Club's At Homes on Monday last was quite an enjoyable addition to the list of galeties which have added themselves to Carnival arrangements. The match was played from three to six, and during the whole time crowds of people were comfortably seated about the grounds or passing in and out of the marquee with its well-arranged refreshments. Cricket matches, particularly when the laurels of home teams are contested for, are very interesting and the earnest faces of many present betokened their enthusiasm. Among those present I noticed Miss Campbell, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald of Winnipeg, Miss Violet Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Miss Bunting, Miss Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Miss Cockburn, Miss Boulton, Messrs. Griffin, Shanly, Tait and Alfred Jones.

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The closing exercises of Moulton Ladies' College took place on Thursday evening, June 26, and were witnessed by a large and appreciative audience. The attractive though somewhat long programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered in excellent style. The young ladies all showed traces of careful training and of a general ability to cope with the requirements of their several tasks. Special mention must, however, be made of two or three of the performances: The piano duett of Misses Chipman and McCollough was given with a brilliancy of expression that left nothing to be desired; Miss Ida Edwards charmed every one by her violin solo; Miss Vere Munroe, an extremely pretty and fascinating maiden from Detroit, took the audience by storm with her song. She has a very sweet, well modulated voice and great hopes were expressed of her future success. After the concert the prizes and diplomas were presented to the successful students by Mr. John Dryden, M.P.P., who spoke a few kind words to each young lady as she stepped upon the platform. Not the least pleasing part of the entertainment was the inspection of the Art and Science departments and the strolls in the spacious and beautiful grounds. The students and teachers speak with deep regret of the retirement of Miss Cooley, the lady principal. She sails on July 17 for Europe, and will spend two years in study and travel.

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Miss Foote of Georgetown is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. Law on Sherbourne street.

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Mr. Charles Laidlaw of Quebec has returned to his home after a two weeks' visit with friends in town.

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Mrs. Bell and the Misses Bell, who have been the guests of Miss Dupont, left to-day for a trip through the North-West.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Foy and family left town on Wednesday for Rimouski, Que., where they will spend the summer. Miss Fannie Smith was also of the party.

*

The Argonaut At Home on Wednesday evening was a well-attended part of the carnival proceedings. The club rooms were splendidly arranged, and the bevy of maidens and throngs off men evidently enjoyed the dance programme, and admired the display of fireworks, which they watched at intervals during the cooling off process. Among those present were: Miss Campbell, Miss Strange, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Watson, Miss Foote, Miss Sibyl Seymour, Mr. T. W. Anglin, Mr. Claude Macdonald, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Alex Fraser, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Mulock, Mr. Turner Dixon, Mr. Fay, Mr. James Murray, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mr. Jack Moss, Miss Sullivan and Miss Hughes.

*

For some time past it was known that Senator Sanford of Hamilton was erecting a large building at Burlington Beach, but its purpose was kept a profound secret. Many were the guesses of the curious as to what it was intended to be used for, and not until recently was the mystery cleared up. Last week several hundred of the *elite* of Hamilton received invitations from Senator and Mrs. Sanford to visit Elsinore on Monday afternoon. About two hundred guests accepted the invitation and were conveyed by special train to the Beach where they were received at the building by the host and hostess with their family. After the building had been inspected Senator Sanford announced that his intention in erecting the building was to establish a temporary home by the wateside for the children of the Infants' Home and the sick children of destitute parents. The Hamilton Yacht Club came over at the invitation of Senator Sanford, who is commodore of the club. Everybody present was enthusiastic in his praise of the location and excellent arrangements of the building throughout. A very pleasant evening was spent.

*

Mrs. H. E. Coulson of Colorado Springs, Col., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John P. Martin, 129 Wellington street west.

*

Miss Britton, daughter of Mr. B. M. Britton, Q.C., Kingston, spent a few days with Miss Kennedy of Beverley street.

*

Mrs. J. B. Tinning of Tranby avenue has left for a trip to the Western States where she will visit friends at Chicago, Kansas City, Denver and Salt Lake City.

*

A great many Hamilton people patronized our carnival and among them I met Mr. W. J. McPherson,—always popular here—who would not admit that we had beaten the Mountain City, but he says the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the scores of friends he has in Toronto entertained him right royally.

*

On Wednesday a large party of friends assembled at the beautiful residence of Judge Scott of Brampton to be present at the marriage of his eldest daughter, Miss Mary S. Scott, to Mr. George Ritchie, barrister of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. Arnold, canon of Christ's church, Hamilton. The bride was attended by Miss Furby of Port Hope, Miss Preston of Niagara Falls, and Miss Florence Scott. Mr. Fred W. Scott of Toronto and Mr. J. M. Scott, brother of the bride, assisted the groom. Among the guests were: K. Chisholm, M.P.P. and Mrs. Chisholm, Dr. and Mrs. Pattullo of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Furby and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fletcher of Port Hope, W. McCulla, M.P., and Mrs. McCulla, J. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Murray, Mrs. J. G. Sing, Miss Sing, Mrs. A. Cameron, Mr. Garnsey of St. Marys, Mr. and Mrs. Warbrick of Bolton, Archibald McKechnie, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nation, Mrs. Coyne, Miss Scott, Miss Creswell and many others. A most enjoyable afternoon and evening was spent on the lawn after which the happy couple left for Philadelphia and other American cities.

*

Many Toronto people were shocked to hear of the drowning of Miss Hostetter, at Bala, Muskoka, on Sunday last. Miss Hostetter was well known in Toronto society.

Mrs. Butland and Miss Butland and Miss Verrall have returned home to Toronto after a sojourn of nearly a year abroad, the most of which time was spent in England. During their stay Paris, Florence, Rome and other European cities were visited, also Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius.

*

Mrs. George Towner invited the band of the Grenadiers, to the number of thirty-five, to partake of refreshments at her residence on Wellesley street, Monday evening, after the promenade concert on Jarvis street, where a very enjoyable hour was spent. Before leaving, Bandmaster Waldron thanked Mrs. Towner in a very neat speech for the honor conferred upon the band, which was a pleasure fully appreciated by them. Since Bandmaster Waldron has taken charge of the Grenadiers, the band has taken a position second to none in the Dominion. The band left about twelve o'clock, after favoring the visitors with some choice selections, including some of Mrs. Towner's music.

Tennis at Winnipeg.

I do not think there is any place in Canada where lawn tennis is so much and generally played as it is here. It is enjoyed by ladies and gentlemen alike, and very liberal rules as to ladies' rights to play on the club grounds have encouraged them, so that to-day many, indeed most of the ladies, play with grace and skill and by no means handicap a set when they play with the men. Another matter which helps the game greatly is the long twilight. It is quite possible to play as late as 9.30 p.m., and up to 9 p.m. tournament matches can be contested. Another feature is the many private grounds—probably not less than twenty-five—which are kept in quite as good order as most club grounds. Among the best are Mr. Eden's, Mr. George Galt's, Mr. Howell's, F. Brydges', Mr. Stobart's and Mr. Patton's, at all of which tennis goes on gayly and skilfully nearly every day, commencing with tea at 5.30, tennis 6 to 9, and ending with cold turkey, chicken, salads, strawberries, lemonade and claret cup.

Mrs. George Galt gave a charming party of this kind last Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Stobart, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Galt, Miss Green, Mr. Turnour, Mr. Wagborn, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart, Mr. Yarker of Toronto and others joining heartily in the games, which were kept up with great fun and enthusiasm from 5 till 9.30. Mrs. Galt makes a most charming hostess, and as to George—the fortunate husband—well, all Toronto knows his genial qualities.

Mrs. Howell gave a similar party on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. George Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Patton, Miss Green, Miss Ashe, Miss Rowan, Miss Ruttan, Mr. and Mrs.

(*Continued on page Eleven.*)

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Flayner, one of the most skilful whatchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

Government House
TORONTO

The Receptions at Government House will be discontinued from this date until further notice.

FREDK C. LAW,
Comdr R. N.,
Official Secretary.

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Dominion Line. Beaver Line
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NO CHEMICALS.
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MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Is now showing a new and choice assortment of
Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces
Veilings, etc.
Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

PROF. DAVIS'
NEW DANCE
"WALTZ MINUET"
"Prof. Davis has been attending the Dancing Masters' convention in Washington, and this introduced his new dance,
THE WALTZ MINUET
It was adopted by the association for introduction throughout America during the coming season. The Washington and Baltimore papers speak very highly of the new dance, and the members of the convention expect it to be the popular dance of next winter."—*The Mail.*
To introduce this elegant music and dance, it will be mailed to any address, FOR ONE MONTH, on receipt of 40c., usual price 60c.
Address—
PROF. DAVIS,
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MASSASSAGA PARK HOTEL
This famous summer resort hotel will be opened to the public July 1. The hotel is pleasantly situated on the Bay of Quinte, within four miles of the City of Belleville, and in the vicinity of the best bass fishing in Canada. Guests will find ample accommodation at moderate prices.
Rates for the season—$2 per day; $9 per week; children under 12 years of age half price.
The steamer "Nellie Cuthbert" will commence running to Massassaga Park July 1, leaving her dock at 10.30 a.m., and afternoon at 3 and 7 30, leaving at the same hours every day in the week, except Wednesdays.
MESSRS SIBBITT & CO., Proprietors,
Belleville.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

Girls are accused of being gossips and doing an unlimited amount of screeching but I am convinced that we are not in advance of men in that matter. I was taking tea in a restaurant recently when four men, one old, two middle-aged and the last a lad, seated themselves two tables further down the row. Oh, the clatter, the buzz, the merriment that centered about that table! They laughed, joked, spun lengthy tales, and enjoyed themselves immensely, it would seem, while there was not one minute allowed to pass without carrying its full quota of conversation. After watching that party of perfectly sober men and marking their gushing gleefulness, I decline to accept the statement that girls are more noisy than men on an average.

•

What tantalizing, bewitching, fragile little nuisances veils are. They have such a way of behaving well while new, of making one feel that twice their price would not be dear, on account of their dainty prettiness, but of all things preserve me from a mussy, crumpled, limpsey bit of gauze, which in its dishonorable old age stretches across the face of an unwise woman. How one's eyelashes get tangled up in the meshes, and the little stiffness which is left becomes liquid and glues the hateful thing to one's forehead. Oh, girls, whatever you do besides wearing your brother's linen in facsimile, and stealing his neckties, don't wear shabby veils.

•

Another thing I want to grumble about is be ribboned gowns. Now I like ribbon, dainty fluttering ends, graceful loops and prettily-arranged knots, but harmony in color is essential to a good effect. I saw a cotton dress of faded blue on King street to-day and with it was worn a surah sash in a blue that wasn't faded. The effect can be imagined and my description might run to adjectives and sarcasm in equal qualities.

•

This morning I was pleasantly engaged in my pet pastime of studying faces, when I was much struck by a girlish one a little to my right. We were on a steamboat, and the owner of the attractive face was, with her companion, talking flippantly to a man. They evidently were all three well-acquainted, and this bright-faced girl seemed to be in the best of spirits and to possess the best of tempers. My eyes wandered to another group and returning again were startled into a stare by the change in the pink and white face. She was quiet now and the eyes were heavy, sad almost. The lips, too full even when curved in laughter, were drawn down at the corners, making a look of selfishness and coarseness hold the lower part of the face. I came to the conclusion that the animation and pleasantry were forced, and that she was peevish and discontented. It must be best to study faces when they are in repose. Then the inner self is shown, the mask is off, and we spell the heart with lips and eyes and brow.

•

Jack H. Morton writes me that my remarks last week were utterly uncalled for; that men have not time to be vain, and that if they had, women would not submit to an invasion of their own particular rights regarding this characteristic.

Jack, you are a misguided youth. Men are fond of flattery, and I'm very much afraid you know it.

Dimples says, in a prettily-written note, that she would consider the love of fine physiques men's most vulnerable points for the arrows of flattery.

An Old Bachelor, who is evidently reviewing his youth, makes candid confessions, saying, in effect, that men will easily fall in love with the woman who convinces them that they are wonderfully sensible and unusually clever.

I'm afraid he made a mistake in telling us that, and then admitting his bachelorhood.

Dan's little wife tells me in a sweet womanly way that she believes all men like to feel that their "woman folks" look up to them for worldly wisdom always, protection when danger threatens and the everlasting needful once a week.

I am glad that in the opinions of some who should know, men are to be accused of a weakness for flattery, and I am delighted to learn that there are different tastes with regard to the especial flavor of the carefully prepared sweet.

I want more opinions. It will be so nice to have a settled average of the characteristics of that important and oftentimes amusing animal—man.

•

It is a matter of some discussion among the various yea and nays of my mental committee meeting, as to whether Sunday afternoons are hotter walked away or slept away. Last Sunday the sun was in the fierce mood, but in spite of sage advice and ominous prediction I tramped over three miles of grass and buttercups.

A jolly-faced man who had a "grand sleep," looked up at me, with much surprise when I asked at the tea-table, if the day had been really very warm, or if we had felt the heat excessively on account of summer's tender age. I believe he knew more of it than I did. Besides I enjoyed the way my feet sank in the flower flecked grass, and the long breaths of clover-scented air were real pleasures to me. Tired eyes gloated over the charming clumps and rows of green trees, and rested with delight on the symmetrical forms of some elms which stood in stately grace beyond a snake fence. The rippling of the creek waters over the sharp-edged stones, the swish of the freed tide that swept over the mill-dam, the birds, the skies, the ragged blossom-decked briar rose, with its sweet, delicate flowers were all addenda in my sum of gladness, that hot day. In future fans, ice-water, dressing-sacks, slippers and the grumblers may stay home. I'll walk abroad, and keeping my temper cool and my mind pleasantly occupied, come home hungry, happy and sun-burned.

•

It was delightful—that sail. I think we all enjoyed it from the tall, bronzed Skipper to the little sun-bonnetted lassie whom I call Perpetual Motion. Jesie were flying, while the Preacher, being out of his pulpit, was narrating some wonderful story punctuated with side-glances and rather personal parentheses. The little Sailor Maiden flitted around, laughing merrily and rolling her dangerous blue eyes about in the direction of whatever specimen of masculinity loitered near.

What fun we had over the palmistry, to be sure, when Miss Ambition affected to misunderstand the remarks about the large mount whose absence would have indicated a quiet disposition. The industry of the Pilot was clearly shown by the beautiful blister which decked the mount of Mercury; and Comica's energy was unmistakably displayed by the somewhat alarming manner in which she used several umbrellas.

The breeze was tricky and the skipper's frequent "ready about" caused quick moves, considerable alleged grumbling and a new arrangement as to twos and threes.

Grandpa, smiling, happy and thoroughly at ease, wandered about and helped on the fun, not restricting it in the least. Then after some time, gaily enlivened with big-sister persuasions, Guitara took her sweet-voiced instrument from its pretty case, and perching herself on the cabin steps "led the singin'." The guitar music was good, and Miss Ambition and Kardoo divided the song-book and the solos between them. Miss Quietus sat near with dark-lashed eyes gazing dreamily over the water, while the chorus was swelled by most of those present.

Mr. Polara said little during the last half of the trip, but his earnest eyes told me that he was enjoying every breeze and aching to sketch the whole scene.

Perhaps the most amusing thing I saw was the Elder's good-natured attempt to draw water with a pail for a bucket and Lake Ontario for the well. The water was deep refreshing, and the poor Preacher who had been doing the gallant in assisting Guitara to distribute refreshments, set down the basket of dainty sandwiches and drank some with evident relish.

How the restful feeling grows, as the tossing and leaning proceed. How one chases with freshly delighted eyes the varied shadows that spread over the wave-broken surface, and rests with infinite wonder and calmness of spirit on the great clouds with sunbeam piping.

The last "tack" is made, the wind is with us, and we scud into the harbor in splendid style, gladdened in spirit, rested in mind and body by the afternoon's sail in the pretty white yacht.

CLIP CAREW.

Love—Figuratively Told.

True love is I defully nice:
Oft un 2 lovers sworn
The earth 2 make Paradise,
And sometimes it's 4 lorn.

Some lovers can't sur 5 alone,
And love 6 symptoms show;
Some think it's 7 with their own,
And some cre 8 their woe.

Some, when their sweethearts look be 9,
Feel such a 10 dar thrill;
Some, when they don't, for 0 will pine
And seek a grave 2 fill.

A weighty maid fell down at length;
Her beau rushed 2 assist her;
She was 2 96-4 his strength,
So, 10 derly, he kissed her.

She candy s be 4 her beau,
And had a toothache 4 it;
When her 2 3, cried, although
With 40 tude she bare it.

"4 0 I've waited long," cried Will,
"Now halve me, I would wed thee,"
"You'll have 2-5-4 me until
You've 1 a 4 tune," said she.

H. C. Doors in *Detroit Free Press.*

Brush Your Hair, Girls.

Brush and brush your hair, if you want to get that lovely gloss that society girls are so eager for. Give your hair 200 strokes every night before jumping into bed.

Don't be afraid of brushing it too much. The more you brush the more gloss you get. If your eyebrows are thin, brush those too, with a tiny brush, and if they don't curve to suit you, get a tiny comb and train them in whichever direction you wish them to go. Brushing keeps them in good shape, and it is so much easier to brush than to trim them. Besides, if you do not understand how to trim them properly, you are apt to look funny until they grow out again.

If you wish to keep away wrinkles, sleep on your back. I know you will have bad dreams if you do so, but I had rather put up with the dreams than the wrinkles.

Hadn't you?

Sleeping on your side causes wrinkles under the eye.

Be sure to both wash and wipe your face toward your nose, for the nose never wrinkles. By wiping toward it you will prevent those little wrinkles near the ear which are so plainly seen.

When you smile, do it with the eyes and mouth, and not with the face.

Laughing makes wrinkles, but keep on laughing, only don't do it with the face.

I have just taken four moles from my face, and it is very badly done. You can do it yourself, only be careful, for it burns, burns.

Get five cents' worth of muriatic acid and, three times a day, touch the mole with a toothpick dipped into the acid. It will come off in a week, leaving a red spot in the face. Leave that spot alone and it will heal by itself.

They say moles "are a sign of beauty," but I prefer the beauty without the moles.—*Boston Globe.*

Why He Resigned.

Simmerson (after six months' tour of Europe, returns and visits the club).—By Jove, how natural everything looks! The old familiar faces—the very pictures seem to smile at me. I suppose I'll have to tell the boys all about my trip——Ah, here comes our president. Ah, major!

Major Murgatroyd.—Hello, Simmerson! By Jove, you look all broke up! I tell you, my boy, you ought to take a trip somewhere. Why don't you go abroad for a month or two?—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Rather Embarrassing.

"Know that young lady at the piano, Mr. Blunt?"

"Yes, I am slightly acquainted with her."

"Well, I wish I was."

"Why?"

"I'd cultivate her until I knew her well enough to tell her she can't sing. Her voice reminds me of the cry of a fish-hawker. Can't you introduce me?"

"With pleasure. I am her father."

The Small Boy's Coolness Under Difficulties.

The combination of a small boy with almost anything has in it the possibilities of amusement, and especially is this true of a certain class of lads who are always lively. One of this sort was recently seen riding in a Boston horse car, twisting about upon the seat and distinguishing himself by the number of shapes into which he contrived to put himself in the shortest possible time. He had his fare in his hand, from time to time putting it down upon the seat or into his mouth when he needed both of his hands in his gymnastics.

He was just in the midst of an unusually lively attempt to pick up a bit of paper with his left hand twisted under his right leg when the conductor came along for the fares. The small boy left off his struggle to get at the bit of paper, sat up in the seat, and began to grasp and choke in a manner really alarming. The conductor stood in evident doubt whether the boy was having a fit, when the little fellow managed to stammer out:

"You'll have to charge my fare to my father, Mr. Brown, please. I've swallowed my nickel."

He Had Another.

Judge—I dislike to interrupt counsel, Mr. M'Cady, but it seems useless to hear further argument from you.

Mr. M'Cady—I beg, my lord, that you will hear me through. This *alibi* is not the only one my client can establish. He has another much stronger yet.

Died Incog.

Referring to an accident which had lately occurred, and to the circumstances that it had been impossible to identify the body of the victim which was found in the street, a lady remarked:

"Ah! then the poor man died *incognito.*

Racing.

What to wear when going to the race course is a question which will hardly bother the great army of race goers who go there merely for the horses or for betting alone.

But racing has become so much a fashionable amusement that it behooves the wise man who looks upon the race meetings not merely as speculative gatherings but social rendezvous to bestow upon his appearance that thought and consideration which would be required by a morning reception, or even the more elaborate surroundings of an evening assembly, and hence a few suggestions may not be out of place. Should the gentleman escort ladies, however, the rough and ready is absolutely prohibited and he must don either the morning otherwise known as the two or three button cutaway or better yet the frock or Prince Albert coat. The shooting coat with flaps and pockets may be worn by elderly gentlemen of pronounced position but it is not to be recommended to younger men. With either of these coats a fancy vest should be worn and here the element of color and design may be introduced to almost any extent. Such are the styles at present being made up of the very finest imported fabrics and of the very latest designs by the Fashionable West End Tailor, HENRY A. TAYLOR, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

You can get your eyes tested on scientific principles free of charge at Brown's jewelry store, 110 Yonge street, by going between 10 o'clock a.m. and 1 o'clock p.m. every day.

All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's A Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; A Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 30 cents each.

WE will be most happy to have our large and elegant stock inspected by visitors to the city during the coming week.

IN it will be found some of the choicest lines ever shown in Canada. No matter how fine the goods you want we have them. We make a specialty of original designs, and you will find goods with us not found elsewhere this side of New York. In Watches, Diamonds, Fine Jewelery, Sterling Silverware and Art Goods we cannot be surpassed.

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JEWELERS

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Important to Saturday Night Readers

DAVIS BROS.

Desire to call your attention to the elegant display of

FINE JEWELRY

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS

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DAVIS BROS.

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THE "PARISIAN PLAITING"

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We are prepared to plait skirts in the new "Parisian Plaiting" any length up to 48 inches. Price, 40c. per plain yard. Children's Skirts and Capes, 25c.

MISS STACKHOUSE, 437 Yonge St., Toronto

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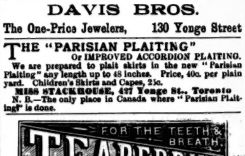

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Ladies, preserve your Furs during the Summer months from Moths, dampness and fire, by sending them to us for storage. They are thoroughly cleansed from the Winter's accumulation of dust before putting them away, and are glazed before sending home. Receipts are given and charges are reasonable.

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The pottery made at GUADALAJARA is more widely known than any other of Mexican manufacture. It is made of a peculiar kind of clay not found in any other part of the country, and water kept in it cools by the evaporation from the surface of that which passes through the sides of the vessel—an item of importance where ice cannot be had. From this circumstance the natives refer to it as la loza fria de Guadalajara—"the cold pottery of Guadalajara." The people who make it are true descendants of the Aztecs, and may really be called a race of potters. This pottery is soft baked, without glaze, but highly polished. The colors are gray, red and black, elaborately decorated in silver, gold and bright colors. I have just opened an assortment of this ware in Bottles, Cups, Plates, Mugs, &c. Another package of BELLEEK to hand.

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For the PREVENTION and DESTRUCTION of MOTHS in FUR and WOOLEN GOODS. Cheaper than ordinary Camphor and much more effective.

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BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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PART II—CHAPTER I.

DUST TO DUST.

Standish found the detective awaiting him on his return from paying the last tribute of tender respect to the dead.

As soon as Colonel Callander, who hastily expressed desire to be left alone, had retired to his own room, the two men accompanied at Dillon's request by Mrs. M'Hugh, began the examination which the former had been so anxious to make.

"We have lost too much time," he said in his peculiar drawling nasal voice, with every here and there strongly Irish tone. "In cases of this kind, time is everything. It would have done the poor lady no harm if I had rummaged about a bit while she lay there, she was past being disturbed."

"It would have been offensive to her sister and to Colonel Callander," returned Standish.

"Not a day or two more or less don't matter," put in Mrs. M'Hugh, "when them cruel devilshave got clean off."

"We are not sure yet who is guilty," said Dillon, drily, and walking to the window, looked intently at the bank opposite.

"Come here," he said to Nurse. "How was the window fastened when your mistress went to bed that night?

"It was Mary the housemaid, waited on her—not me."

"Call Mary."

Mrs. M'Hugh went in search of her.

"The top of the bank is lower than this window," observed Dillon, "and you see the holes made by the ends of the ladder are a good bit lower still, the ladder sloped enough for a man to climb up easy."

"I see that," returned Standish.

Here Mrs. M'Hugh returned with Mary looking very uncomfortable.

"Now, my girl, come along, tell me all you can remember about your mistress when you last saw her!"

"Oh! please sir, it puts me all of a tremble when I think of it."

"Never mind, tell me what time was it when she went to bed?"

"It was close on eleven, sir, just after Mr. Egerton left. I had been shutting massive window, as look out to the front, and I saw the light of Mr. Egerton's cigar when he walked past."

"Which side did he pass?"

"Right, sir, by the Beach road!"

"Ha! where did Mr. Egerton put up?" asked Dillon.

"At the Beach Mansion Hotel," said Standish.

"Whereabouts is it?"

"At the end of Telford road, facing the sea."

"That's not to the right!"

"No, sir. I suppose he went for a turn while he smoked, for when I went to put up the shutters to the side door (the top part is glass) I saw the red of his cigar going down by the sunk fence as if he were going round by the beach."

"You went to your mistress immediately after?"

"Yes! she rang the bell just as I was turning back from the door."

"Did she seem the same as usual?"

"Well, yes. I think she had been crying. Her eyes looked like crying, now and again, lately. She was weakish, and poorish."

"Do you know of anything to vex her?"

"Bless you, no, sir. Everyone loved her, poor, dear lady. Everyone tried to please her from the colonel down," cried the girl, tears coming to her eyes.

"Well, how did you leave her?"

"She had put on her dressing-gown, and said she would not have her hair brushed, because she was tired. She told me to light the nightlight."

"The night-light? Where did you put it? Could it be seen from the outside?"

"I don't know; I stood it here by this window," going over to one which opened on the east side of the house. The bed intervened between the place indicated and the window by which the murderer had entered.

"*If* the light were visible from without, of course it would have been a guide. Put a similar light in the same place after dark and I will test it. Well, your mistress told you to light this night-light?"

"She says, 'Mary, I think I'll have a night-light, I feel so nervous and feverish,' says she, 'and open a bit of the volets' (that's what she called those shutter-blinds), 'as well as the windows,' says she, 'I don't feel able to breathe.'"

"And you opened them?"

"I did. You see the middle piece folds back, and I set it a tiny bit open, fastening the bar across the inside. You see it goes right across. I'll show you—"

"Stop!" cried Dillon, grasping her arm as she made a step towards the dressing-table; "don't touch that. Has it been touched or altered since the murder?"

"No, not that I know of," said the girl, a little frightened by his vehemence. "Mrs. M'Hugh kept the key of the place after she the coroner came, and would never let none of us come next or nigh it."

"Is that, sir," added Mrs. M'Hugh, "for Mr. Standish warned me you wanted to see the place as it was."

"Right, ma'am. Ah!" going carefully to the side of the dressing table. "There is not much room for a man to come in here without moving this! How came the outer blinds open if this, touching the table, "has not been moved?"

"I made Collins open them from the outside," said nurse.

Dillon then looked carefully at the carpet, the portion of the painted flooring left uncovered, along the side of the bed where the murderer must have stooped down and peered and felt all the edge of the carpet which lay beside it. Standish saw that one of his hands was closed as he rose up.

"Have you found anything yet?" he asked.

Dillon shook his head.

"Only a pin," he said. "I always remember that he who sees a pin, and lets it lay, may live to want a pin another day."

"Well, and that's true," said Nurse, emphatically.

For some minutes Dillon continued to search under wardrobe and chests of drawers, in corners, and all dim nooks—every possible spot where the smallest article could have been dropped or forgotten by the murderer or murderers.

"Now, my girl, I'll not keep you nor Mrs. M'Hugh any longer; you've been very helpful, and I'm obliged to you."

"I'm sure you are welcome," they said in chorus, and retired.

Dillon followed them to the door, and moving it backwards and forwards, observed:

"It goes easily and silently!" then, stepping over the threshold, he seemed to look most intently on the other side. He stood in the opening, so that Standish could not pass.

"Ay, he said," it has not been touched. It's just a thick with dust," and stooping out his pocketbandkerchief, he rubbed it with some force; finally, re entering the room, he closed the door and stood a moment, his thick eyebrows almost meeting with a frown of intense thought. Then, looking up as if some gleam of light had come to him, he walked again to the window, and, pulling the table a little aside, closed the outer shutters and put up the bar, leaving the center portion slightly open.

"Will you stay here while I get the ladder and see if I can enter without noise?"

Standish nodded.

He felt curiously affected by the exhaustive search Dillon was making. So almost awed at the possibility of his discovering some unexpected depths of horror greater even that what was patent.

At last Standish heard the scraping of the ladder as Dillon fixed it against the windowledge. Next the shutters opened softly, then the bar was lifted cautiously, and as cautiously let down, but not without a certain amount of noise. Dillon appeared at the window, and moved about making enough noise to waken a light sleeper. Then the dressing-table would be another source of disturbance. As to getting up here on the ladder, it was perfectly easy. I am amazed to think the fellows left it there."

"They were so sure of getting away early next morning. I suppose they were reckless. Now, Mr. Dillon, what do you think?"

"Well, sir, I do not know what to think!" "It quite possible that a murderous thief might have got in that way; I wish to God the poor lady had had a bit of a noisy pet terrier."

"Ah, I understand. Well, it so happens there is no dog about the premises. What do you propose to do next?"

Dillon stood silent, in deep meditation. Then, looking up straight into his interrogator's eyes, he said:

"I've a bit of a plan forming in my mind, sir, but I don't like to talk about it yet. Will you trust me for a while, and ask no questions? Ay, and trust me with a goodish bit of money? for I may have to cross the Channel and disappear."

"Yes, Dillon, I will."

"Thank you, sir. Might I speak to Miss Wynn—the young lady as heard, or thought she heard, the bar fall?"

"Of course you should like to be present."

"Just as you like, Mr. Standish, but you must remember that nobody ever speaks out so confidential before women folk, and I want to get her to speak out her thoughts and impressions quite easy. To do this I just want to come on her unawares, like—not to ask to see her formally. If you agree, well and good, but I don't want to lose an opportunity waiting for you."

"What is it, then, sir?" thought Standish; "he does not want me, that is evident. Oh, very well," he said aloud, "only pray remember that Miss Wynn is in a terribly low, nervous state. Be careful not to shock or startle her."

"Bless your heart, sir, do you think I never spoke to a lady before? When I got up all the evidence for the Hon. Mrs. Hancock, she always—

"It is a very different case," interrupted Standish, hastily.

"That's true," returned the detective, relapsing into his usual collected taciturnity. He was met with occasional outbreaks of talk, but the least check restored his self-mastery. Loquacity was his natural tendency, but the strong necessities of his profession taught him the opposite extreme.

"Have you studied the room sufficiently, or would you wish it to be kept still untouched?" asked Standish.

"I have learned all it can tell. I have quite done with it."

"Then come with me to my hotel. Miss Wynn has gone to see the children, and I hope Miss Oakeley will keep her all night. This terrible affair has been too much for her strength."

"That is likely enough." They walked on a few paces after they had seen Mrs. M'Hugh and given her the key to the room.

At length Dillon said: "I have found the tavern those foreign fellows used to frequent. It's a rough place. The landlord has been a seafaring man, and looks up to cutting a throat himself. He was, of course, full of the murder and full of suspicions against these men. He said their looks was the worst of them, that they paid their way and spent a goodish bit. They were all together—at least most of them—the night before they sailed, at the Jolly Tar; but one, a tall fellow, very dark and glum, went away about midnight, saying he had had enough. Some of the other called Guiseppe followed to keep him out of mischief, he said, but they both went on board their ship, for another of the crew came in soon after and said he had left them there."

"That rather confirms our suspicions. Did his landlord know what port the ship was bound for?"

"He was not sure. They spoke of Nantes and Bordeaux; but I am not done with him yet. I need not trouble you any further, sir. When do you think of leaving?"

"In about a week."

"I am not sure how long I shall be here myself. But I have your address in town. Are you content to leave the matter in my hands, Mr. Standish?"

"Rather the proofs of ability and dexterity you have given, I cannot hesitate to trust you, but do not keep me in the dark longer than you can help."

"I will not, sir."

"Would you wish me to hold back the announcement of the reward from the various consuls to whom we proposed to send them?"

"No, by no means. It may save a deal of trouble. Good evening, sir."

* * *

When Dorothy and the faithful Henrietta returned from the funeral they drove to the hotel where the poor little motherless children were staying, under their grandmother's charge.

So long as her sister's inanimate form was in the house, Dorothy could not bear to leave. But now she was desolately free, and she longed to see little Dolly's face, to hear the boy's joyous laugh. She longed, too, that the brokenhearted child should be soothed, and won back to life by their helplessness, their loving claims, their tender associations with the past. Terribly shaken and unstrung as she was, the sort of consideration for others kept her mind sound and healthy.

She would, nevertheless, gladly have avoided Mrs. Callander. Her unvarying hardness to Mabel was not to be forgiven, and in her mind Dorothy prayed that her brother-in-law would not give his second wife into her care. It would be natural if he did, but it would cut her off from her only chance of consolation and comfort in acting a mother's part to her sister's children.

The hard old woman received Dorothy with unusual cordiality, and the poor little orphans with outcries of delight, but they wrung her heart by their demands to be taken back to "dear mammy."

With many a tear she tried to explain to them that mother had been taken away by the angels to a beautiful place in Heaven, where, if they were good, they should go too, and other soothing fairy tales.

When at last they were taken away by their maid, Mrs. Callander began to talk of her own grievances.

"I suppose my poor, unhappy son is not yet quite himself!" she said, in a high, complaining key. "His mind cannot be in a sound state, or he would not refuse so persistently to see his mother. I must say it is an unnecessary aggravation of this terrible affliction. Has he said anything to you about it, Dorothy?"

"No, Mrs. Callander. He rarely speaks to me. He says more to Henrietta."

"Indeed!" returned Mrs. Callander, with a faint tinge of complacency. "Well," she continued, "I shall make another attempt to see him to-morrow, for I suppose he will leave this dreadful place as soon as he can."

"I know very little, but Paul Standish told me that Mr. Egerton was going with him somewhere."

"That is or will be the act of a true friend," said Mrs. Callander, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes. "I am quite willing to keep the poor little children with me for the present."

Dorothy's lip quivered, but she did not speak.

"Oh, aunty! they will be quite too much for you!" cried Miss Oakeley. "I shall take care of them, and of Dorothy, if she will let me."

"Very well, my dear," returned Mrs. Callander, with unwonted complaisance. In truth, across the gloom and thick darkness of the last week came the consolatory thought, after all, Henrietta, that pearl of great price, might replace poor, paltry, insignificant Mabel, to the dowager's infinite satisfaction.

"You had better stay here with me to-night, Dorothy," continued Miss Oakeley. "It would be well to be out of that dreadful house."

"Thank you, dear Henrietta; but I do not like to leave Herbert alone. He might ask for me, and find himself deserted. I am sure she would not like me to leave him, and you—you will stay with me!"

"Oh, of course! It is odd that Herbert cannot come into his mind to see Mr. Standish," said Miss Oakeley.

"Can you wonder," retorted Mrs. Callander, quickly, "when he declines to see his own mother?"

After some further conversation, Dorothy returned to The Knoll, leaving Miss Oakeley, who promised to follow soon, still closeted with her aunt.

It was in truth a real comfort to be with Mrs. M'Hugh. There was a degree of strength as well as tenderness in the blood old woman, nature that seemed to support the young mourner in her hour of need more than anything else, always excepting her husband.

Even to him she could not breathe the horrible suspicions which ate into her soul.

The moment when she stood paralyzed in the pretty bright drawing room, and heard Egerton's voice as he avowed his mad passion to her sister unchecked, was perpetually present to her, and the question always recurred, what answer was: "Did Egerton strike the fatal blow? Mabel, who knew him best, was unmistakably afraid of Egerton's anger. She had never taken any notice of the appeal she said she had written to him a few days before. Had he given her his own confession than he would rather crush out her life than see her living happily with her husband! and she would have turned to her husband, all would have been well had her sister lived to know it.

The daring outrage showed to Dorothy's mind such knowledge of the house, and the ways of its inhabitants, that she marvelled no one conceived the improbability of its being committed by a total stranger. Yet had not her suspicions been roused by Egerton's own words, would she not have believed with the rest that it was a pure vulgar robbery aggravated by murder? How ardently she wished she had never heard that startling confession! It seemed to have withered the youth in her heart. This vile secret must weigh upon her for ever! For her own peace of mind she sure she must never reveal it—she must never attempt to bring the hated Egerton to justice. It would be treachery to Mabel to revenge her death at the cost of her reputation, of her husband's belief in her, of the fair fame of the children's mother!

But oh! some day when she was strong enough neither to weep nor faint, when she had force enough to concentrate her passion of hatred and contempt for him in deadly, scornful conjuration—she would meet Egerton face to face, and hand him the letter she had never yet had an opportunity of giving him. She would tell him she knew his secret, assure him that consideration for his victim alone kept her from crying aloud for justice, which to her meant vengeance!

Sometimes she thought, Could he have bribed his wild countryman to do the deed? There was a strong association in her mind between that fierce-looking sailor and the soft-mannered, high-bred gentleman, the favorite of society, the idol of manœuvring mammas. Would he not be more likely to put a willing hand of another than to strike with his own the creature he professed to love so ardently, in her sweet deferential way?

And she must never relieve her heart of this cruel load, this mixture of rage and shame!

Thanks to the tender care of Standish, to the persistency with which Egerton, still in the background, she did not see him at the funeral, but the knowledge that he was there turned her tender grief to a fiery, galling, tumultuous agony, almost too maddening to bear.

The conflict going on in her young heart seemed to have extinguished the dawning passion which had begun to develop itself in her heart for Standish, the delicate consciousness that made her shrink from his rare brotherly caress, his kind familiarity. Now, shattered—aching in every fibre of her being with poignant grief and bitter knowledge, bereft of her life's dear companion, she felt any such ties—she was more the helpless child, always ready to fly for shelter to his arms, her only moments of relief were those spent beside him, her hand clasped in his.

When she reached the house of mourning, into which the bright happy home of a week ago had been metamorphosed, Mrs. M'Hugh met her with the words, "The master has been asking for you, Miss Dorothy."

"Indeed! I will go to him at once!" and without removing her bonnet and heavy veil she opened the dining-room door, saying: "You wished to speak to me, Herbert?"

He was lying back in a large arm-chair, his eyes fixed on the fire which had burnt low, beside him were writing materials which he had been using, for some of the paper was covered with straggling characters very unlike his ordinary, clear, firm writing.

He turned his head and looked vaguely at her. "No," he said, in a low, hesitating tone, "I did not want you, but as you are here, I will speak to you. I am going away, you know. This place drives me mad! You and Henrietta can do what you choose, and take care of the children; you must keep them if I die."

"Do not speak of dying, dear Herbert, think of those dear little ones who have no one but you! You must live for them! I am not old enough or wise enough to bring them up without your help. Your boy will need a father's guidance! I know how you must feel, but for her sake—"

She stopped to regain her self-control.

"You must know that I am—that I cannot be of use to any one. I am worn out! My head burns when I try to think—but I will try to do my duty—I have always tried according to my light! Perhaps I may find relief in movement! I am going to London to-morrow—I shall see my lawyers—you know them. I tried to write, but I could not say what I wanted. Then they and Henrietta and you will manage for the best."

"When do you go, Herbert?" she asked, awed by his strange haggard look.

"To-morrow!"

"And will you not see your mother? She feels deeply for you, she will feel terribly hurt—"

"No, I will not see her! Hereafter, if I return—" He paused, and then muttered something which Dorothy could not make out.

"You will not go alone, Herbert!"

He laughed. It made her flesh creep to hear him laugh.

"Your guardian is inclined to take care of me, too, Egerton is to be sent with me; but they need not fear, I have some work to do before I can afford to rest."

"But you will not go without seeing the children! They were asking for you to-day, and they are so sweet!"

"Do you want to drive me mad!" he cried fiercely and starting up, began to pace the room.

"Do not try me too much, Dorothy! Poor little Dorothy!—how fond she was of you! That is why it makes my heart ache to see you! so go away now. I will write to you when I can, but not now! I can bear to speak to Henrietta better."

Dorothy took his hand in both hers, pressing it tenderly. "God help you, God bless you, poor Herbert, and want poisonously away, to weep more gently and pitifully than she had yet done.

(To be continued.)

About Beauty.

If the average New York woman, however pretty, however stylish, however fortified with youth, be really fresh looking, where are the remedies for this state of affairs to be sought? At the beginning it is certainly needful to emphasize the fact that the average woman is that this look of fatigue does not come alone from late hours and social dissipation; that the girls and women who live outside of social currents, who dissipate little, who see very little or not at all, usually fall heirs to it as soon as those who do—sometimes sooner. There are two reasons for this. The first is that the latter, conscious of the drain upon their system, repair the waste as scientifically as possible, while the former rarely think it necessary to take care of themselves at all. The second and more important reason is that a dull, monotonous life, by stagnating the currents of the blood, causes all wrinkles to age more rapidly. We are told that monotony preserves. This is a mistake. A certain regularity, an enlightened routine, does; but only when a woman has enough excitement about her life to keep her spirit brisk and her blood active, enough that is interesting to employ her mind and engage her affections, and by so doing, to render her capable of new thoughts and new emotions. Why is every woman more lovely and young and younger when she is in love? Why does even an ugly girl become almost pretty under that influence? Physiologists tell us that her blood circulates more quickly under excitement. Does not every woman gain in good looks under the sway of some strong, vivifying interest? Well, an interest is equal to the joy of being in love; consequently, none is so becoming. The great lady of the last century who had that interest in life which gave her the power of falling in love until the verge of extreme old age, since to keep that capacity was of more value than any cosmetic, preserved than all the cosmetics of all the famous beauties put together, spoke from the depths of a wonfound knowledge of human nature. Therefore, it is ridiculous to suppose that a dull, humdrum existence keeps a woman fresh. It does nothing of the sort. She withers under it like a yellow rose in a rose jar. The influence of the mind over the body is exemplified here as everywhere else in nature. If your brain grows dull and stupid you will be very apt to go the same way. If one wanted to keep a women young and fresh and fair, one's surest method would be to give her some powerful interest, just sufficient to her individuality and her excitement to be wholesome. Next, to keep her from trivially fatiguing occupations in which she has no interest, or in which her mind has no part. How much this last has to do with the fresh and faded looks is what nine-tenths of the world's people have never realized.

It is unfortunately the case that a pretty woman is a finely strung instrument that is very easily put out of tune and off the pitch. Shop is one fruitful source of interest when both and mind are at their freshest. Make a list before you start out, and systematize the purchasing so that unnecessary time and trouble less steps may be taken. Whenever possible, choose a day when the air is fresh and keen with no stagnant atmosphere of large stores, as of other buildings, to have vitiated so such occasions. Never stand about. Any physician will tell you that this as a practice—and how many women indulge in it—is deadly to a woman's freshness. It makes her haggard and hag-like long before her time. Never drain your vitality by carrying parcels and carrying them if they can as well be sent. Carrying burdens of any sort is devitalizing. Spare yourself. Never walk five blocks to save ten cents. The ten cents can be made up somewhere else, but the lost nerve force of those five blocks tramped, will revenge itself in a shade of sallowness or in a crow's foot at the corner of the eye sooner or later. Shop as luxuriously, in short, with regard to your personal comfort as you can, and good deal of respect for your personal comfort is a very sound basis for good looks. Another fatal thing to women is cooking and nursery. It is so easy often to take matters deliberately, but the modern woman appears to have forgotten how to do that. Paying undue attention to details ranks under the same head as any indulged to facial freshness. Did you ever see a woman whose chief concern was the texture of her neighbor's window curtains look fresh for any length of time? An interest in trivial things contracts the muscles, shrivels the skin, hardens the eyes and the face. An interest in anything that stimulates the brain or emotions opens the expression of the countenance, smooths out wrinkles, brightens the gaze. Can any observant person deny this? We all do. In short, wholly a trivial life is the greatest enemy to freshness. Sleep and rest, bathe a good deal; keep the pores open by exercise in which your mind is interested. Change your body linen constantly; do that if you have to economize in your food. Be a fresh-hearted or a hair-brush vigorously and never stand around listening to idle talk, but keep your brain interested in some subject that will give you a little healthy stimulus and excitement, and you live in a way that will preserve the freshness of its appearance to the confines of old age, no matter what the conditions of the society in which your lines are cast. Observe none of these things or only some of them, and your chances of looking fresh and fair in our Gotham atmosphere is scant indeed. But on the other hand, did a woman know how to make the best of her opportunities there is no place where she could look young and pretty longer. This is always easier when the currents are swift. A country girl of charming bloom at seventeen turns into a dull-hued matronly woman, sallow and brown, at thirty. A town woman at the same age, provided she has understood how to avoid the extremes of trivial stagnation and too unceasing dissipation socially, is frequently quite as attractive, or more so, than the "buds" first out. The modern woman for excellence is frequently at her very best at thirty. This comes entirely from knowing how to live. Our ancestresses were infants in that art in this way. And the result was that they were old just when a modern woman enters upon the prime of life. Study the art of living, of turning of every day of every year to its best account. Nothing serves a woman better. After all, nothing in nature is such plastic material as a woman. She makes of herself just what she has wit and perseverance to make. Save in the cases where the burdens of life are tragically heavy there is no excuse for jaded women.—*Mercury.*

Ingersoll on Oratory.

"There is no such thing as an extemporaneous address," said Col. Robert G. Ingersoll to a Philadelphia *Press* representative recently. "Of course I mean by that an address which is dignified, worthy of the occasion, and commands respect. Such addresses are never made there never will be an impromptu speech. Of course, I know that some men have delivered speeches which have attracted wide attention, which are reported to have been inspired on the moment. But in the nature of things this is impossible. If you analyze a great speech, and consider what is necessary to make one, it is easy to see that such a thing as impromptu oratory is impossible. Now, a speech which is true oratory must in the first place, suggest sublime, deep and eternal truths. There must be thought, and it should be thought which is capable of producing correspondingly great emotion and sentiment in the minds of those who hear it spoken. Therefore, the thought cannot help being sincere; it must reflect the very truth, as the mind of the utterer has conceived it. There is no such thing as a great oration has ever been delivered which did not spring from the heart of him who spoke it.

"Sometimes the thought is developed after excessive, and it might be said painful, labor and turmoil of the soul. The operation of constructing or composing a speech which is truly great is perhaps very similar to the labor of analyzes the painter to express great emotions by colors and with the painter's brush upon canvas. The making of a great speech is like the formulating of a great painting. Some how the operations are similar. The painter conceives a great truth, an idea, capable of suggesting the profoundest realities of nature and of calling into being the sublimest emotions of the human intellect; he takes his pallette and his brush, and with infinite patience mixes his colors and develops upon the canvas the thought which is in his mind. He labors over it patiently, affectionately, his whole soul wrapped up in the desire to express to the fullest that idea or emotion which is in his heart. Sometimes it is the labor of years; delicate shadings, strong, vigorous strokes, a defiance of technical rules if need be in order thereby the more strongly to bring out the idea upon the canvas; the touch of a brush guided with the superb delicacy which truth and love compel; and in this way the painter at last produces upon canvas that idea which was born within him and which makes clear to men for all time the power, the beauty, the strength, the loveliness of that conception.

"Now that is precisely what the man who is to deliver an oration must do! he is true to himself and if he would make the impression of the ideas as it exists in him clear, strong, tender, and emotion-compelling to those whom he is to disclose it by means of word pictures. For a great oration, a true oration, is but the painting of ideas by words instead of by colors, and the truth that is in it will be suggested as impressively and as surely, if the speaker has been true to himself, as does the wonderful painting upon which multitudes, for generation after generation, look with wonder and with the best emotions of their nature stirred within them. Now, when we consider that it is with such methods as this that the true oration is perfected and delivered to the hearers, it is easy to see that it is impossible to formulate it when the time comes, lean upon his feet and to create on the instant and deliver thoughts by word of mouth which shall stand the test which makes or breaks an oratorical effort."

Kissing and Other Things.

Among the letters sent here anent the question "Is it wrong for a man to let that little girl sit on the knees of their beaux in New York (as we know they often do in the country), is one from a born New Yorker, who not only insists that the system never took root here, but adds that, "except in very high or very low life, there is very little kissing before engagements for marriage." He says that he was not certain about it, but happening to mention the subject at a whist club of half a dozen married couples, it turned out that not one of the women had been kissed until her troth was plighted. A funny incident marked the discussion, according to my informant. One of the men had a loose memory. "We used to kiss sometimes, didn't we?" he said to his wife. "No, sir," she said, with deep indignation, "you never kissed me until after we were engaged; I slapped you, and you fought for the privilege, but you never succeeded."

"Is that so?" the husband remarked. "I've kissed so many——"

"What's that? What do you say?" the wife asked.

"I say," said the husband, "I have kissed you so many times that I can't remember when I began."—*Chatter.*

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An Adventure with Tramps.

"Be careful about the fires, Clarence, and be sure and lock the doors and windows before you go to bed."

"Yes, father."

"And don't leave the house alone any length of time. We will be back by to-morrow noon, if possible. There are so many tramps roaming about the country now, the house might be ransacked if you were to leave it alone," said his mother.

"I will see to everything and forget nothing," answered Clarence.

He was a bright, manly boy of fifteen—the only child of his parents—who resided in the town of M——, in Wisconsin. They were well-to-do farmers, with a comfortable home, and the neighborhood was a peaceful, quiet one, where Clarence had spent his fifteen uneventful years.

During the summer of which I write, the whole state of Wisconsin, and indeed the whole West, had been full of homeless, idle men, known to us all as tramps. The hard times had thrown them out of work, and many of them had determined to beg, others to steal, for a livelihood. All sorts of rumors of petty thefts and robberies and assaults, and sometimes murder, were heard from neighboring places, but so far the town of M——had only been annoyed by beggars and loungers. That very day a villainous-looking fellow had been to the kitchen and begged Mrs. Ward—Clarence's mother—for something to eat, and had got his a good lunch and allowed him to rest an hour in the kitchen before going further in his quest for employment.

And now she and her husband were called to a neighboring village, some eight miles distant, by the sickness of her sister, who resided there, and Clarence was to be left alone in the house until the next day.

"I feel uneasy about you, Clarence," said his mother, as she took her seat in the carriage beside her husband. "I wish you would get some neighbor to stay with you to-night."

Clarence laughed.

"You talk as if I were a baby, mother," he said. "It is not at all likely any of the tramps know you have been called away from home so suddenly, and they are no more likely to trouble the house to-night than last night. I am not at all afraid. Good-by. Give my love to auntie, and don't worry about me."

He waved his hat after the retreating carriage, and with a merry whistle turned toward the stables, where there were cows to milk, and horses to feed and bed.

He was hard at work when he heard a voice speak his name, and looking saw Mr. Sawyer, a neighbor who lived a mile distant, approaching him.

"Where is your father?" asked Mr. Sawyer. "I want to see him about that trade we are trying to make."

"Gone," said Clarence, and then explained the situation.

"And you are all alone," said Mr. Sawyer. "Are you not afraid?"

Clarence flushed with boyish pride. He was a fearless boy, and he did not like to be considered lacking in courage.

"Because if you are," continued Mr. Sawyer, "I will run home and tell my wife about it, and come back and stay over night with you."

"Oh, no, thank you," returned Clarence; "I am not at all afraid; there is nothing to be afraid of."

Mr. Sawyer remained chatting with him until he had finished his chores, and, with a milk pail in either hand, returned to the house.

They paused by the kitchen door. It was now early dusk.

"Be sure and lock up well," said Mr. Sawyer, "before you go to bed, Clarence."

Clarence glanced at the kitchen door. He had left the key upon the outside when he went to the barn, and it was gone!

"Look here, sir," he said, laughing, "you are trying to play a game on me. Give me the key."

"What key?" cried Mr. Sawyer, in amazement.

"Why, the key to this door that you took out a few moments ago to give me a scare. Come, hand it out. You thought you would see if I was as brave as I claimed, didn't you? Well, you see I am not at all shaky over the absence of the key; but all the same I would like it."

"Upon my honor, Clarence," cried Mr. Sawyer, "I have not touched the key. Let us look around in the grass by the door."

They looked vainly.

"Ah, well, it is no matter," said Clarence, carelessly. "I am quite sure the front door key will lock this. And now I must go in and strain the milk before the cream rises. Mother told me to, so good-night."

"Good-night, Clarence," and Mr. Sawyer was gone.

Clarence strained the milk, and lighted a lamp, and brought in the wood for the morning fire, and laid the pine to cut into kindlings, and the butcher knife beside it, on the stone hearth. Then he went over the house and locked windows and doors, all but the kitchen door, which no key would fit.

"It is very curious about that key," he mused. "I know I left it in the door when I went out. I believe Sawyer did take it to try my courage. Never mind—I'll fix it."

He took a stout piece of oak, several feet long, and braced it under the door-knob and against the floor. It fastened the door so securely that may attempt to open it from the outside would only serve to brace it tighter.

Then, weary with a day's labor—for he was a hard-working boy, and never idle—he made himself ready for bed.

But before he retired he took down his father's double-barrelled shot-gun, and set it within reach of his bed. He had seen it loaded—his father had been shooting field gophers only the day before, and had left both barrels loaded.

Then he blew out the light and tumbled himself into the little bed just off the kitchen, and was soon asleep.

He did not know how long he slept, but he awoke suddenly to hear a key fitted and turned, again and again, in the kitchen door. His first thought was that Sawyer was playing a trick upon him, but when he heard stealthy steps go around the house, and the sash of one of the kitchen windows being slowly and cautiously sawed away, he knew it was not Sawyer, but a burglar.

He crept from his bed and drew on his clothes very quietly. Then he took the gun, and stealing along as silently as a cat, placed himself before the window where he heard the robber at work. It seemed hours before the sash was removed—hours measured by the wild beating of his young heart, that throbbed so loudly he almost feared it would betray his presence.

That he heard a hoarse voice whisper, "Give me a match," and heard the match struck against the wall, and he knew the fellow was armed with at least two assailants—how many more he could not tell.

The match made a momentary gleam in the darkness. Enough to show him the body of a man half way through the opening, in the window; enough to enable him to take aim at the gun and place it against the breast of the man and fire.

But the cap snapped and the match went out and the man dropped into the darkness without.

Desperate, and conscious only of peril, Clarence thrust the gun through the aperture and fired into the darkness. His assailants now knew that he was in their power. Both barrels of his gun were emptied and they were unharmed.

Quick as the spring of a ferocious cat, one of them leaped through the window and seized him in the darkness. He clung to his gun, and beat his enemy over the head and shoulders with it whenever he could make use of his arm.

But suddenly it was snatched from his grasp, and then a desperate thought flashed into his mind. He began to jerk himself and assailant back toward the stove. If he could only reach the knife he had left on the hearth with the kindling, he might save his own life at the sacrifice of another.

The robber's hands were on his throat, and death seemed very near—horrible, murderous death, in the darkness, and alone—when he reached out and felt the stove-hearth, cold, under his hand.

Another jerk, another reach, and the knife was in his hand, its blade buried deep in his assailant's heart. Then he felt the warm blood spurt over his hands, the clutch at his throat loosen, and, sick and horrified, he sprang up and kicked aside the oaken prop that fastened the door, and rushed out into the night. He had conquered one of his enemies alone and single-handed, but he knew not how many more lurked outside.

His calls and cries brought Mr. Sawyer to the door, to listen to the boy's excited tale, and see his blood-stained hands.

"It is better not to go back to-night," said Mr. Sawyer. "We do not know how many of them there may be. Let us wait till morning."

At daybreak they returned to the scene of the horrible struggle.

The kitchen floor was covered with blood, and the sheets from the adjoining bed were missing, evidently used to bandage the wounds of the assassin, of whom no trace could be found. He was never found, and no trace of the would-be robbers has ever been obtained.

A week later, in the loft of the barn, on the hay, the sheets were found, stiff with blood, and as perfectly red as if they had been in the dyer's hands. It seemed probable that the wounded man had died and been secretly conveyed from the barn, as had he been carried away living, the sheets would not have been left.

Nothing else from the house was taken. The robbers were evidently in haste to get away from the scene of their attempted plunder without a further loss of life.

I do not think Clarence could be hired to stay alone in that house now, and the fear that the surviving tramp will yet wreak vengeance on his head for the life he took to save his own, is ever present with the brave boy who is still regarded as the young hero of M——.

A Curious Mania.

Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy, as her Southern admirers are fond of styling her, whose approaching marriage with a young New York lawyer has stirred general comment, was once the heroine of a pretty and rather pathetic little incident, as a friend related it. For a number of years Miss Davis led a very secluded life, her home tucked away in a little curve of wooded shore skirting the blue waters of the Gulf. With a wide expanse of sparkling sea stretching away to the front, and an almost impenetrable pine-forest in the rear, Beauvoir was rarely stirred by echoes from the great world. Now and then some veteran of the late war, her father's old friends, or inquisitive tourists dropped in for a few hours to see the old place and its historic master. One day, shortly after train-time, when Miss Winnie was, as usual, devoting the early morning hours to the famous Beauvoir roses and violet-beds, she was attracted by a loud exclamation of delighted surprise, and looked up amazed to see an aged man, in a tattered suit of "Yankee blue," approaching her as rapidly as his wooden leg would permit. In his enthusiasm he failed to see the wire netting surrounding the flower-bed, and before one word of caution could be uttered he was rolling prostrate on the grass. Miss Davis, hurrying through the low gate to ascertain the extent of his injuries, found herself face to face with a blushing youth of eighteen or twenty. Overwhelmed with confusion, the lad explained that the old gentleman was his grandfather, who had been badly wounded in the war, and with a significant touch of the forehead he indicated a consequent unsoundness of mind. By this time the warrior was on his feet, and, between caressing words to Miss Davis, directed a series of triumphant glances toward his companion. Humoring the old soldier, the gracious hostess gently led him to a summer-house close by, and, after ordering iced syrups and refreshments for her unexpected guests, listened while the young fellow explained the cause of their visit. He said his grandfather was a Virginian who, from the outset, espoused the Northern cause, and fought throughout for the Union. While away, marching with Sherman's army through Georgia, his youngest and favorite daughter died, and when he returned, wounded about the head and his leg gone, he conceived the notion that Jefferson Davis, whom he held entirely responsible for the war, had stolen her. In vain did they point out her grave, and bring a cloud of witnesses to prove her death; no arguments could convince his weakened intellect. The boy told her that for years they had combated his overweening desire to come South, and see for himself, but yielded finally, thinking it might be better to let him realize his folly. "And now," said the grandson, despairingly, "he thinks you are Aunt Elsie, and what shall we do? Miss Davis thought profoundly for a minute while the cripple patted her hand in loving solicitude, and then decided upon a course. Closing her supple fingers firmly over the trembling ones of the violent old man, she looked him steadily in the eyes and said, decidedly: "Father, I am dead—do you hear?—and am lying beside the church in Virginia. You only think you see me. Good-by. I want you to go straight back and take care of my grave." And with a last tender glance, and a nod to the boy, she disappeared behind the shrubbery, and hastened out of ear-shot lest the sound of her laughing should make him realize his mistake, the old man was led quietly away, and in a subsequent letter Miss Davis informed of his complete contentment in the distant state.

Remembering the Press.

"Mr. Seeds," inquired the president of the agricultural fair, "has the editor of the Jayville *Banner* arrived? I noticed you have sent him from time to time about our next exhibition?"

"Yes, sir," answered the secretary.

"Did he print that column and a half about the improvements in the race track and the poultry pens?"

"He did, and called attention to it in a double-leaded editorial."

"Why, I gave him a complimentary ticket, not transferable, good for one person, and he to keep on whooping things up lively."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Value of a Reputation.

Next we may ask, what does social consideration or reputation do for the individual? What it confers, perhaps, on the man who does it procure him, apart from the satisfaction it may give his vanity or self-esteem? It gives him in the first place the comfort which comes to every man and to his family from the knowledge that his neighbors think well of him. The extent to which this enters into a man's happiness, of course, varies in individuals, but next after assured subsistence, it forms, to nine men out of ten, the chief reason for living life, for clinging to one's own birthplace and country, and for reluctance to emigrate or fix one's abode among strangers, whose opinion of one has still to be formed. A disgraced man is, to all intents and purposes, a man beginning a life of exile, and one of the sorrows of early strugglings youth lies in the fact that people have not yet formed any estimate of the young man's character or capacity. Reputation, in fact, surrounds a man with an atmosphere of peace and hopefulness which he enjoys unconsciously, very much as he enjoys health in bright, clear weather; and his family live in it and benefit by it hardly less than he does himself.

In the next place, it gives weight to his opinions in all matters in which he shares his interest with other people. A man of good reputation is listened to with a deference which nothing but actual power can procure for a man of poor reputation. His advice, too, is taken with a readiness which his ability or experience may not always warrant, because there is a strong disposition in human nature to infer wisdom from goodness—a conclusion which is generally true in spite of the contempt often felt and expressed by practical men for the opinions of moralists, like clergymen and philosophers, and in spite of the frequent exhibitions of incapacity in ordinary affairs of life made by men of undoubted goodness, simplicity of character. Influence, of course, follows power, whether it be the power of wealth or of office, without much reference to the character of the holder; but it is enormously increased and strengthened by popular belief in a man's sincerity, kindliness, and honesty, and may, by the same help, survive the loss of both fortune and place.—July *Scribner.*

What Kind of a Woman He Married.

"Well, Sammy, is it true that your brother John is married?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a woman did he get?"

"Oh, a kind of a home-made, second-hand lookin' one."

Magazines.

Oscar Wilde contributes the complete novel to the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine.* It is entitled The Picture of Dorian Gray, and it is a story that everybody will want to read. The second instalment of Round-Robin Talks appears in this number. Edward Heron Allen, the well-known expert in palmistry, has an interesting article upon The Cheiromancy of To-Day, and Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore contributes an important article on Keely's Contributions to Science. Other articles which will attract attention are an interesting biographical sketch of Senator John J. Ingalls, and a paper upon The Powers of the Air, by Prof. Felix L. Oswald.

Miss Fanny Murfree, a sister of Charles Egbert Craddock, contributes a serial story to the *Atlantic* which commences in the July number. The poetry comes from the pens of James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is as entertaining as ever in his Talks. Other well known names complete the table of contents. The *Atlantic* for July, as usual, contributes something of real value to the questions of the day, and does not neglect those lighter forms of literature which adapt it for holiday time.

Joaquin Miller writes an interesting article in *Belford's* for July on Some Notes on a Neglected Note Book. Love and Sculpture is the title of a clever short story by Claire Le Franc. In the Celebrated Men of the Day series Stephen A. Douglas is the subject for this month. Other contributors are Ernest de Lancy Pierson, Dr. Felix Oswald, Richard H. Stoddard and others.

The Health of Women Students.

Some very interesting health statistics have been published of the women students of Cambridge and Oxford and of their sisters. The result of the various inquiries sent out to these women of learning demonstrates the fallacy of the old argument that a university education is specially injurious to the constitution of women, or that women are educated at the expense of their reserve fund, and, in consequence, make unsatisfactory and inefficient mothers. The proportion, both of students and of their sisters who are married, is decidedly low, particularly among the women in the professional classes, where it is probably less than one-half. But, on the other hand, when marriages do take place, there are fewer childless ones among the students than among their sisters and cousins, and they have not only a larger proportion of children, but the children are healthier. As a large proportion of women who have had a university course enjoy good health now as did at the time they entered college, while the number in poor health among those who have read for honors is somewhat reduced. The only unfavorable fact is the temporary falling off in health during college life of about 5 per cent. in good health. This is doubtless due to the relaxing climate of the universities and inattention to the simple laws of health and a lack of sufficient sleep, rather than the result of mental activity and anxiety. A great many more sisters than students have engaged in household work—as music, nursing, and other occupations—but a much larger number of sisters than students have no occupation at all.—*N. Y. Sun.*

He Got Around It Nicely.

At a dinner which was given in London by Mr. J. R. Osgood, says the Boston *Courier*, Mr. Edward King, author and correspondent, was most enthusiastic in his praise of Wagner, not only as a musician but as a poet. "Thave no doubt," he said, at length, "that in coming time Wagner will be ranked above Beethoven and Schiller." "I quite agree with you," responded the famous painter, Mr. L. Alma Tadema, who was also one of the guests; "for certainly Wagner is a finer musician than Schiller and a greater poet than Beethoven."

In Central Africa.

Emin (to his guide)—Do you know where we are?

Guide (positively)—No, boss.

Emin (with tears of joy)—Thank heaven! lost again!—*N. Y. Sun.*

In the Divorce Belt.

"And where is your little brother, Flossie?"

"Oh, we's been divorced."

"Divorced?"

"Yes; mamma's got him and papa's got me."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Rough Experiences.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend of Gus de Jay. "You look as if something had occurred to make you unhappy."

"Yes, sir, indeed."

"What is the matter?"

"I was holding Miss Kenworth's hand, and I awaked her if she'd object to my impwinting a kiss upon it."

"An'i did she?"

"No; she said that it had been stung by a bee, and bit by a mosquito, and she thought it could stand it."

A Little Late.

In Chicago.

He—May I have the pleasure of your company at supper, Miss Breezy?

She—You're a little late, Mr. Waldo; I've been down to supper three times already.

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Canada's Summer.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that SATURDAY NIGHT again thanks its patrons for their liberal interest in its welfare as evinced by the sale of its holiday number. One edition has already been exhausted and another large edition is already more than half sold. We have also to acknowledge the many kind words which have been spoken of CANADA'S SUMMER by other journals. It is a source of considerable gratification to feel that an effort to furnish a good, bright and original holiday paper has not been thrown away. SATURDAY NIGHT feels that it is time to resent the imputation which has long rested on the Canadian public that it will not support a good, original Canadian publication.

Mr. Howells' Latest.

Readers of A Modern Instance will remember that that novel closes with an open question, viz.: May a conscientious man happily marry a widow, whom he has loved during her deceased husband's lifetime? This question, Mr. Howells' latest novel, The Shadow of a Dream, will serve to answer, and his verdict appears to be in the negative.

For the purpose of giving this answer, our old friends Mr. and Mrs. March again appear, together with a half-crazy man named Faulkner, Hermia his wife, and a stupid parson, Faulkner's bosom friend. Basil March is the narrator and does not appear to such advantage as the March we became so fond of in A Hazard of New Fortunes, but the reader does not need to be told that Mrs. March, as usual, asserts herself. This pair, however, are mere minor characters, the interest of the story's three parts centering respectively round the three other characters, previously mentioned. The substance of it is this: Faulkner has an oft-recurring dream, to the effect that Hermia loves his friend, the minister, better than himself. This dream becomes a mania with him and is eventually the cause of his death. The minister has, apparently, loved Hermia prior to Faulkner's decease, and the shadow of the dream, which Hermia has learned from her husband's physician, renders it impossible for him to marry her. Comparatively speaking, death is as general among the characters as in Hamlet or Othello, one of the characters being disposed of by his stepping off a moving train.

Mr. Andrew Lang has pointed out that nearly all of the great novelists have, after steadily climbing to the highest pinnacle of their fame, suddenly dropped to a much lower plane, perhaps shining out again later on with as bright a light as before. Such would seem to be the case with Mr. Howells for, after reading its predecessor, A Hazard of New Fortunes, The Shadow of a Dream is a great disappointment. It contains but little humor and none of the boldly drawn realism which is the author's strong point. The reader is lead an irritating chase after the "shadow," which he at last runs to ground, but which eludes pursuit through the two first parts and into the middle of the third. The effect after reading the book is as if one had eaten a dinner from which all salt had been eliminated, and strikes one somewhat as some of the stories in The Odd Number did, except that Mr. Howells has stretched into a three part novel what M. de Maupassant would have put into ten or twelve short pages.

Let up hope that when we next hear from Mr. Howells it will be in the form of a novel worthy to stand with A Modern Instance, The Rise of Silas Lapham, The Minister's Charge, and greater than any of these, A Hazard of New Fortunes.

H. B. C.

The Drama.

Mrs. Drew does not leave Mr. Joseph Jefferson's company, although Mme. Ponisi enters it; there will be room there and occupation for them both.

•

Mrs. Stuart Robson, whose death took place recently at Cohasset, was one of the most devoted of wives. She never was on the stage herself, but she accompanied her husband on all of his tours and was widely known and much beloved in the dramatic world.

•

The approval of the great-hearted West is worth having, and the Carson *Appeal* bestows it thus liberally on an energetic damsel: Miss Mollie Thompson, the agile young soubrette of the A Pair of Jacks company, is fairly astounding her audiences by her work. Her somersault finish to her song and dance at the end of the first act is receiving curtain calls everywhere. The somersault is so neatly and modestly done that there can be no offense taken, and surprises the audience into a whirlwind of applause.

•

Frederic Lemaitre, son of the great Frederic, has just died at Versailles in his 72nd year. He had been an actor and manager at Versailles, but was almost unknown in the theatrical world of Paris.

•

The American tells of a peculiar form of entertainment which will be tried on the public next season, by Messrs. Rider Haggard and Barrington Foote. Mr. Haggard purposes to read extracts from his novels and to tell stories of his adventures, while Mr. Foote will sing songs written by Mr. Haggard.

•

M. Ernest Legouve, the French dramatist, is now living in the house in the Rue St. Marc, Paris, in which he was born eighty-three years ago.

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Beerbohm Tree and E. S. Willard are two famous English actors who are expected to visit America next season.

•

Although Mr. Edwin Booth has so identified himself in the popular mind with the part of Hamlet that all other Hamlets stand or fall by comparison with his personation, and although he has himself played it some thousands of times, he has never yet seen the play as a spectator.

•

The marriage of Mary Anderson to Antonio de Navarro incites anecdotes that illustrate her character. One has not yet been told which concerns her in that period of her professional career when it was her delight to chew gum and to stand in the wings of the theater and do what she could to embarrass the actors who were on the stage. Mary was playing Juliet to the Romeo of a man whom she valued as a friend, but whom she loved to worry. In the last act of the drama, when Juliet is writhing over the body of Romeo, bewailing his death, Mary, on an important first night in a crowded city, tickled the Romeo in a way that threatened to galvanize the corpse and ruin the scene. In vain did the actor plead for mercy. He brought every whispered argument to bear upon Juliet to make her desist in her playfulness, assuring her that in another instant he would have to squeal, and so bring ridicule upon them both. The actress did not heed his prayers, however, and continued to tickle him as she recited the heart-rending lines of the bereaved Juliet. Suddenly the actor changed his tactics, and, under his breath, he uttered a string of oaths. Juliet stopped short in her lamentations and trembled. Then she went on, and Romeo was saved. After the performance it was very difficult for the actor to convince the infuriated queen of tragedy that he was driven to the heroic measure of swearing by her own devilry. She finally decided that the matter was more serious than she had fancied, but she declared that the oaths were unnecessarily violent.

•

Several years ago, and before the bond between Messrs. Robson and Crane was sundered, so unfortunately for the theater goers of the United States, "Billy" Crane went to Cohasset, accompanied by his wife, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Robson. "Billy" always had a penchant for the great American game and he was scarcely settled at the house of his friend before he fell in with a number of "resorters" who played high and late and, in the natural course of events became one of them. At last Mrs. Crane felt called upon to admonish him, and said: "William, we are the guests of Mrs. Robson, and it does not look well for you to be out of the house until daylight playing poker. Of course I know that she is a sensible person, and would not object to any moderate game that you might play, or to any reasonable hours you might keep, but please do not stay out until broad daylight any more as long as we are here."

"My dear," said Billy, with sincerity written on his face, "I will make a bargain with you. I not to stay out later than midnight. You to say nothing unless Mrs. Robson does."

The bargain was struck on the spot, and everything went very well for several days, but at last Crane struck a party and a night when it was not in human nature to leave. Everything was "coming his way;" there was any amount of good cheer and the people about the table were jolly and took winning and losing with the same even temper. So it was just at sunrise that Crane, mindful of his promise, stole into the Robson cottage and went quietly to his room. Mrs. Crane was sound asleep. So far well. He took off his hat, threw his top coat on a chair, removed his undercoat and vest, disposed of his collar, cuffs and necktie and then addressed himself to his shoes. The first one came away all right, but his especial effort to take off the second one quietly proved disastrous, and it fell noisily on the floor. This awakened Mrs. Crane, who, noticing the sunlight, asked drowsily:

"Getting up so early, Billy?"

The shameless Billy, seeing that everything depended upon one grand coup, replied:

"Yes, my dear, the morning was so lovely that I could not stay in bed, and so I am going out to enjoy the pure air and listen to the birds."

And he actually dressed and carried out his infamous false pretence.

A Fearful Partner at Cards.

It was in our quarters at Calcutta. We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us, the losers, look anything but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance and hesitated to play. This the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly taken ill.

"For the love of God sit quiet!" rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life, move not."

"What can he mean?—has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to myself.

"Don't start, don't move, I tell you," in a sort of whisper, which I never can forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued:

"Remain quite, and all may yet be well. I have a cobra capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach itself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India, namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look, and so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his fatal bite.

We were in agony little less than his own.

"He is coiling round!" murmured Maxey; "I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens! For the love of Heaven call for some milk! I dare not speak loud. Let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir, Northcote—you moved your hand; by everything sacred, I conjure you not to do so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them that I loved them dearly, that my last prayers were for them—the snake is winding itself round my leg—I leave them all I possess—I can almost fancy I feel his breath!"

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servant drew back. Again Maxey spoke:

"No, no! it has no effect. On the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold. I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Receive me, O Lord, and pardon me; my last hour is come!" Again he pauses. "I die firm; but this is past endurance. Ah! no, he has undone another fold and unloosens himself. Can he be going to someone else?" We involuntarily started. "For the love of Heaven, stir not! I'm a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens; he is about to dart! Move not, but beware! Oh! this agony is too hard to bear! Another pressure and I am dead. No, he relaxes!"

At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down. The snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved! saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of his servant. In another instant we were all dispersed, the snake killed and our friend carried more dead than alive to his room.—*London Globe.*

An Experiment in Hypnotism.

When young Mrs. Winsome read about the wonders of hypnotism and how the hypnotized subject's will was so completely under control of the operator that he implicitly obeyed every command, she thought in her gentle heart that she would hypnotize Clarence. Although they had been married but a brief time, she had discovered that while he was a most devoted husband, there were some ways in which he was not easily led, and she had in mind a project that needed his co-operation. That night after dinner, and after she had sung for him (the dinner was good, and he always liked to hear her sing), Mr. Winsome was suffused with a sense of contentment, and when Mrs. Winsome turned from the piano and said she was going to hypnotize him the suggestion did not strike him as extraordinary; it seemed rather only the promise of an added comfort.

"Now Clarence," said Mrs. Winsome, "you must go to sleep. I don't mean so very sound asleep, but just some."

Mr. Winsome leaned back in his chair and feigned somnolence.

"Now, sir, go over in that corner and move my chair up by this side of the table."

Mr. Winsome arose with the air of a somnambulist, whose dreams are pleasant, and obeyed the command. Mrs. Winsome sat down with as much statelliness and impressiveness as her youthful grace would permit, and then she said:

"Bring that basket; place it on the table."

The subject obeyed.

"Now, sir," said the operator, "you will bring that plush footstool and place it under my feet."

Mr. Winsome mechanically complied, but when he had approached he knelt gracefully to fulfil the command, and in the same moment he gently took the hand, which the operator had intuitively put forth to settle the skirt around her feet, and raised it to his lips. This last act had been done without orders, but Mrs. Winsome was not thoroughly familiar with the phenomena of hypnotism, and she gave it but a passing thought; it might be possible for the subject to diverge a little from the line of strict response without impairing the main current of compliance, and so long as her orders were obeyed she would not be disturbed by minor incidents.

"Now, sir, you will draw that large arm chair up by the other side of the table, and you may to-night put the piano stool where you can rest your feet upon it."

These commands were complied with.

"You will now go to your room and get a cigar. You will bring it down and sit in the big chair and smoke it, but not too hard."

All these orders were obeyed, and Mr. Winsome's appearance in the big chair indicated a very considerable degree of comfort, even though he were asleep.

"Now, sir, you will hand me sixty dollars to get a new dress and hat with."

Mr. Winsome woke up so suddenly that he was ashamed of himself, but laughing Mrs. Winsome didn't let him stay long in that frame of mind; and she wasn't a bit discouraged, either; youth doesn't give up after one round, and then she knew that sometimes it takes more than one effort to hypnotize a subject; and he knew well, he handed over the money on the spot, like a man.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Love Is Blind.

Mr. Infrit—Miss Chanse, I love you! Will you be my wife?

Miss Chanse—I am sorry, Mr. Infrit; but—but—I am somewhat fastidious in my choice.

Mr. Infrit—Oh, but I am not!—*Puck.*

Persistent.

Mrs. Goodenough—You're the sixteenth tramp that's been around here to-day, and I can't do anything for you.

Mr. Obadiah Toogood—Sorry, ma'am; but if you'll lemme sleep in the barn over night, I'll be the first tramp ter ax for breakfast ter-morrer.—*Puck.*

Afraid it Would Follow Him.

Waiter (to diner)—Excuse me, sir; but whistling is not allowed in this restaurant.

Diner—I'm not disturbing any one, am I?

Waiter—No, sir; but that last lot of cheese we got in is very sensitive.—*Judge.*

Far Gone.

Bingley (pulling in a fish)—Hi (hic), there, fellersh! Look, qui (hic) ck, look a' my line. I've got two, area, four (hic), sheven fish (hic) all at onsh!

Thompson (to companions)—I guess we'd better put Bingley in the cabin. We've had enough fishing for to-day.—*Light.*

Two Mind-Readers.

"Don't say a word," exclaims Bilkins, impressively, as a gaunt, unshaven man enters his office, says *America.* "Don't speak, don't utter a syllable. I have acquired the gift of mind-reading. A mysterious sympathy is established between us. I read your purpose. You have come here to collect Kent & Blunt's little account. Is it not so?"

"It is. You are quite right," replied the gaunt, unshaven one. "I, too, have been a mind-reader in my time. The power is on me now. I know your thoughts. I can tell what the speech will be that you are framing even now. You are going to say, 'I am very sorry, but you will have to call again.' Am I not right?"

"Marvelous!" ejaculated Bilkins.

"I can go further," pursued the prophet in a hoarse whisper. "You will tell me to come in about the middle of next week."

"Miraculous," cried Bilkins. "Now it is my turn. I can see into your very soul. You will answer, 'I have been coming here for the past two years every week, and it's high time you settled up.'"

"You astonish me."

"Yes, more—you will threaten to bring suit against me."

"Just what I was going to say. But I can carry my spiritual communion further. You will say 'Sue and be—blanked.'"

"My dear sir, you are inspired. You ought to be a wealthy prophet. Then," continued the gaunt, unshaven party, "after I give you a little back talk you will waft me gently into the street."

"There is no use fighting against destiny," responded Bilkins; and a few moments later, as the gaunt, unshaven mind-reader collected his remains from the sidewalk, he was overheard to remark that the next time he met a phyician he would pass by on the other side.

The Rivals off the Stage.

Looking out from my window in a room at the hotel in Goldsboro I saw a young colored man conversing in a tender way with a dusky maiden, but all of a sudden the girl turned and ran away. A moment later a second colored youth hove in sight and the two stood glaring at each other across ten feet of space. Finally the one who was on the ground first huskily demanded:

"What yo' want?"

"I want yo' life!" was the stern reply.

"Hu!"

"Look out boy! Doan' yo 'hu' at me!"

"An doan' yo' talk 'bout takin' my life!"

"Who is you, sah?"

"An' who's you?"

"Who is I, sah! I'ze de gem'lan who is payin' his 'tenshuns to Miss Rose."

"An' I'ze de gem'lan gwine to marry her."

"Hu!"

"Hu!"

"Boy, I'll broke yo' head!"

"An' I'll smash yo all to pizen!"

They walked round each other for a time, seeming about to spring, but suddenly both stopped and number two said:

"Boy, I'll wait for yo'!"

"I'se right yere!"

"Doan' you forgit dat I'll wait fur yo'! I'll wait 'til yo' is married an' her fo' children, an' den, when yo' has forgot all about it, I'll steal into de cabin some night an'——"

"Heah, yo' niggers, whay yo' doin' out dar, when dar's work a-pressin'?" called the head cook from the kitchen door, and both were out of sight in five seconds. Then I heard the same voice growling:

"If dem boys don't misbehave mo' onery I shan't invite 'em to see me marry Miss Rose Thursday evenin'."—*Charleston Courier.*

That Decision Again.

"I have had a delightful evening," he said, as he took his hat and rose to go. "May I call again?"

"I shall be glad to see you," she replied with a blush.

As he walked out into the hall he saw in the mirror of the hat rack a reflection of the regretful girl slyly throwing a kiss at him and he turned back.

"I must have that in the original package," he whispered.

He was a Chicago young man and he got it.

Her Idea of Immortality.

Little Girl—Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?

Veteran's Little Girl—Yes.

L. G.—Where is his other one?

V. L. G.—Hush, dear, it's in heaven.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Indians No Good.

American Citizen.—What do you think of the proposition to enlist Indians in the regular army?

Captain Westpoint.—Indians! 'Pon honah! Why, they cawn't dawnce.

California Marvels.

Easterner.—I see it stated that Tulare Lake, in California, has increased miles in width and length this year.

Californian.—Shouldn't wonder. California is growing right along.

A Blasted Romance.

"Miss Clara," began the young man, "it becomes necessary for me to speak to you upon a subject which deeply concerns us both. I will first ask you to recall to mind the last evening I was here. We parted, if you will remember, upon the steps. As I proceeded slowly across the lawn the full moon came from behind a cloud and enveloped me in a flood of mellow glory. Suddenly, Miss Clara, it seemed to me without a note of warning, I was overwhelmed——

"One moment, Mr. Smithers," interrupted the beautiful girl as she stuck in an extra hairpin and turned down the gas three quarters of an inch. Then drawing her chair still closer, she indicated by a wave of the hand that he could proceed.

"I was about to observe, Miss Clara," continued the young man, "that I was overwhelmed by the onslaught of your father's dog Grip, who ate up three weeks of my salary in half a minute, and unless your pa antes up for that suit there is going to be war."

"Say no more, Mr. Smithers," replied the young lady, rising slowly and painfully from the Jenness-Miller position that she had assumed but a moment before, and pointing to the door. "Go. I will have pa send a check for $9 by the first mail."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

It Is Different Now.

Sunday school superintendent (explaining the lesson)—Many of these Scripture names, children, have a special meaning. Can any one of you tell me the signification of this name, 'Ichabod'?

Several voices—The glory has departed.

Superintendent—Correct. Then if you wished to convey the idea that some man—say a politician—had become unpopular and could no longer succeed in any of his ambitions, you (smiling pleasantly) would call him——

Whole school—Dennis.—*Des Moines Graphic.*

The Young Idea.

Fannie's mamma is a great hand to borrow of her next door neighbor. One day Fannie went into the neighbor's for a visit, but found them all ready to go away to stay a week.

"Is you all dedo visit?"

"Yes, baby and all."

"Why," she said, in an aggrieved tone, "how tan you? My mamma will want to bor' t'ings."

Unmistakable Evidences of a Crushed Boy.

"John," said Mrs. Billus anxiously, "you whipped Willie too hard. His spirit is utterly broken."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Mr. Billus.

"He asked me a little while ago if I didn't want to cut his hair."

He Envied Her.

"James," exclaimed the wrathful wife, "I have just discharged that impudent cook. She goes at once!"

"Happy girl!" sighed Mr. Enpeck drearily.

A Lost Opportunity.

For Saturday Night.

Gray eyes and freckled face,
And little shoes of tan,
She's fair enough to steal away
The heart of any man!

Her color comes and flits,
Her long dark lashes fall,
I know I'd better leave her
While I've any sense at all.

Her little dewy mouth
Pouts like a coaxing rose.
She wants—she hopes—she wishes—
What? the mischief only knows!

The netted meshes hold
Her sweet form's loveliness,
She swings toward me—I bend
Her drooping hand to press.

My heart refuses more
It's secret sweet to keep—
I'll dare my fate!—"Sweet maid, I love——"
Great Heavens—she's asleep!

GRACE E. D.

The Convent Bell.

For Saturday Night.

In the belfry just above us
Swinging to and fro, the bell,
Sounds forth, as God's own love notes
Gladsome tidings to us tell.

"God is love," the little bell sings,
And its swaying does not cease,
Forward, backward, never tiring,
Still its tone floats o'er the breeze.

As the silv'ry notes come to us,
Then' the air its echoes ring,
'Tis the sound of holy voices;
Methinks it is the angels sing.

Oh, the sweetest of that music;
Oh, the peace it seems to give;
Calmness, stillness hills the morning,
As the bell rings "Look and live."

Sisters kneeling in the chapel,
Heads bow'd down, their hearts they raise,
Silently the angels listen
To the holy prayers and praise.

Then the chanting breaks the stillness,
And the convent bell rings on,
As the angels catch the whisper,
Floating o'er the early dawn.

Angel voices chant the echo;
Golden harps with music ring;
All the heavens burst forth in gladness,
Holy! Holy! hark! they sing.

To and fro in tireless motion,
Swings the old, old convent bell,
In the belfry high above us,
Spreading joy o'er hill and dell.

ADA E. ANDREWS.

Souls and Temples.

For Saturday Night.

Souls, like Pillared Temples rise—
Rise from earth and reach the skies:
Deep the wide foundations lie,
Hidden far from human eye:
Purpose, infinite and broad,—
Hopes, eternal, laid in God:
Happy he who hath—alone—
Christ, the Sure Foundation-Stone.

Souls, like Pillared Temples, rise
By the toil of enterprise;
Crude materials, deftly wrought,
Into shapely form and thought,—
Gathered from the lands afar,
Fashioned with supremest care,
Finished and completed well,
That a God, within, may dwell.

Souls, like Pillared Temples, rise
On the wings of sacrifice:
They, in desert days of old,
Brought their willing gifts of gold,—
We—in later era—bring
Glad bestowments to our King:
Love's oblations thus upraise
Souls and temples to His praise.

Souls, like Pillared Temples, rise:
Whose buildeth well is wise.
Mortal bodies fa'st away,—
Cities crumble and decay,—
Souls and temples skyward climb,
Towering o'er the bonds of time:
Rising upward, glad and free,
Part of God's Eternity.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Just How.

For Saturday Night

Shady twilight,
Soft eyes beaming,
Glinting firelight,
Youthful dreaming.

Heaven seeming,
Murmured delight,
White arm gleaming,
Time's sweet flight.

Rippling tresses,
A blushing face,
Sweet caresses,
A soft embrace.

A swift distress,
A fit stirring hand,
A whispered yes,
A golden band.

E. M. SCHOLEFIELD.

In Glad Weather.

I do not know what skies there were,
Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
A little, when we turned to go:
I think I saw the grasses sway
As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet, it seems like yesterday,
That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;
I think the sunlight must have shone;
I know a scent of springtime lay
Across the fields: we were alone.
We went together, you and I;
How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road:
I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladdest day,
The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
And I saw only you!

CHARLES B. GOODE, in July *Scribner.*

Noted People.

The widow of Senator Riddleberger has taken editorial charge of the Shenandoah *Herald*.

"The tallest schoolgirl in the world" lives at Riednaun, near Sterzing. She is in her eleventh year, and is about six feet high.

Joel Chandler Harris of the Atlanta *Constitution* is an unpretentious little man who is famous because of the real merit of his work.

Henry Sienkiewicz is said to be the first of Polish novelists. His romances portray Poles imbued with the spirit of independence and valor.

King Humbert's melancholia, which has necessitated his being watched day and night, is said to have been caused by an excessive use of cigarettes.

Andrew Jackson Kennedy, who once was considered one of St. Louis' most brilliant and promising attorneys, has been sent to an asylum for insane.

Miss Katherine Hillard, who translated Dante's most important prose work, The Banquet, is acknowledged to be the best of American Dante scholars.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon inherited a large sum of money recently from an admirer in an English town, but distributed the entire amount among the testator's poor relations.

Kate Field is a match for the autograph fiend. First, she asks: "Are you a subscriber for my paper?" If not, she writes in the album: "The subscription price of Kate Field's Washington is only five dollars a year. Yours truly, Kate Field."

Harriet Hosmer has promised to present to the Art Institute of Chicago her cast of the clasped hands of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. It was executed in her studio in Rome. Hawthorne alluded to it in the Marble Faun, and there is not a duplicate in existence.

Prince George of Wales will, it is said, return to England from the West Indies in May next, when he will give up the command of the Thrush, on his promotion to the rank of Commander, and shortly afterwards it is probable that he will be appointed to one of the Royal yachts.

Mrs. Huldah Elwood Rockwell died in Fairfield County, Conn., recently, at the age of one hundred years, nine months and sixteen days. As in the case of so many other persons of great age, it is related of her that she never rode in the steam cars. She left forty-eight descendants.

When Labouchere questioned the actual value of a Senior Wrangler's ability a list was submitted to him in their behalf containing "some of the Senior Wranglers during the present century." The list contained only five Judges, four Bishops and a Dean, and some six or eight eminent astronomers and mathematicians.

The success of the Queen of Spain in maintaining her power in a land so permeated by political intrigue and where the position of woman is so insignificant is attributed to the fact that she tells no falsehoods, has nothing of the hypocrite about her, is as modest as she is honest, and is moved by natural tact, intelligence, and kindness.

William Waldorf Astor has employed artists, at an expense of something like ten thousand dollars, to illustrate one copy of each of his novels. These copies form a private *edition de luxe*, each one being labeled "My personal copy" and occupying a prominent place in his library. Verily, few can thus indulge in the embellishment of their own literature.

Dr. Skilkakowsky, a famous physician in Russia, has received what is said to be the largest fee that was ever paid to a doctor in that country. A millionaire residing in Odessa summoned him specially to come there to perform some surgical operation. He performed the operation and was in Odessa but five hours, receiving 11,000 rubles, or $8,000, as a fee for his trouble.

Sir Robert Peel, who is now in America, and who is a grandson of the illustrious statesman whose name he bears, puts himself on record as saying: "The less said about Bismarck the better: he is a hypocrite. Stanley may be all right in some ways, but I have never admired him. Miss Tennant, who will be married to him soon, is a lovely girl, and is worthy of a better fate."

High praise is given to some pastels by Mr. George Hitchcock, the American artist, which are now on exhibition in London. They represent scenes in Holland, and are said to be remarkable for their wonderful transparency, admirable drawing, and delightful coloring. One critic says: "If all pastels were like these, it would almost convince us that pastel, as a medium, has no rivals."

Miss Elaine Goodale, Government Supervisor of Education among the Sioux, who lives in camp or reservation in the most primitive way, traveling from Indian village to village on horseback or in "prairie schooner," is a handsome and brilliant young woman, a fine scholar and true poet, who deliberately prefers this missionary service among a hapless people to the social success which she seemed destined to command.

The Empress of Germany, like other European ladies of position, dresses with extreme plainness for church. She wears, usually, a wool walking dress, wool jacket or ulster, simple round hat and dark gloves, and is so unconspicuous a person that but for her place in the royal pew of the great Domkirche she might be supposed to be some young country matron on a first visit to the city, rather than the wife of the emperor.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has just celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday. She is much enfeebled mentally and bodily, but still enjoys her beautiful Hartford home, which, though simple, is most attractive with books, pictures, photographs, bric-a-brac, and, above all, with flowers, which are still Mrs. Stowe's delight. It is one of her fancies never to mix these, but to have a vase of roses, a vase of dalsies, a vase of lilies, a vase of laurel, each by itself.

It is asserted that Mrs. John A. Logan, with the capable assistance of Miss Frances Willard, Mrs. Ellen Foster and Miss Kate Sanborn, and with a sufficient capital, is about to open a normal school for domestic servants, where thorough training in all household duties will be given, diplomas bestowed, and situations found for competent pupils, while the idle and incompetent will be discharged. Whether pupils will come to the school remains to be seen.

At the last drawing-room Lady Morell Mackenzie, wife of the skilful and pugnacious physician to the Emperor Frederick, wore a gown of gold brocade looped and ornamented with large bunches of real oranges. Mrs. Rider Haggard attracted much attention by her beautiful dress of gray and white satin, trimmed with butterflies of gold and pearls, a huge butterfly forming the front of the bodice. Her petticoat was of gold brocade, and her costly jewels moon-stones.

It is said that General Lew Wallace's Ben-Hur was the result of an accidental conversation which he had with Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll on a journey to the east some years since. Colonel Ingersoll asserted "that if his friend would investigate sacred and profane history, he would find himself standing with him on the only defensible ground, that of the agnostic." General Wallace did investigate, and found his slumbering faith aroused and his early convictions strengthened, and he wrote Ben-Hur almost as a thank-offering.

The people who are making such a fuss over the youthful escapades and alleged extravagances of M. Georges Hugo have, says *Galignani*, evidently not read every incident in the life of the great poet. Who has not heard of Mme Blouette, and Mlle. Drouet, the creator of Lucrezia Borgia? The strangest of all Victor Hugo's adventures was a little love episode in which, by especial request of the lady, the great peer of France came to the rendezvous in his majestic robes. A jealous husband, who thought that the poet was paying court to his wife, pursued him. But Victor Hugo, robes and all, went over the tiles to the adjoining house.

The Old Lady Upstairs.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis my lot as an unmarried man,
In bachelor's lodgings to live;
I can tell you of every annoyance
And every comfort they give:
The troubles that mostly you meet with,
My philosophy cheerfully bears,
But there's one thing that's past all endurance,
And that's an old lady upstairs.

'Tis a thing I've had more than two months of,
My lodgings were taken for three,
Now my medical man growing serious,
Says I ought to go down to the sea;
And temper! Oh, don't talk of temper,
I'm savage as two dozen curs;
So would you be, and so would an angel,
Who's got an old lady upstairs.

"You'll pull off your boots when you come in
At night, sir," the landlady said,
"And when you go into your bed-room,
Take very great care how you tread,
Any sound's almost certain to wake her;
If it don't she has awful night-mares."
Well, I did what I could, but I always
Disturbed the old lady upstairs.

'Mid the wisest and best of mankind,
'Tis, I think, pretty widely agreed,
That though you may get on without it,
There's no harm in a pipe or a weed,
But his nerves must be just like a bison's,
And his heart like a lion's, who dares
To light up a puff of an evening,
When he've got an old lady upstairs.

I'm a decent performer of music,
On Moore and Beethoven I dote,
So I hired a beautiful piano,
But I scarcely had struck out a note,
When a hurried knock comes at the door,
Which at once puts an end to my airs,
"Oh, mister says, please will you stop it,
It annoys the old lady upstairs."

But it was no use my trying to study,
In the street there was always some noise,
An organ or bag pipe or fiddle,
Or cad with stentorian voice,
The tramp and the scamp and the cadger
Their distresses she looked on as hers,
And the rascals they all had good reason
To bless the old lady upstairs.

Oh! the notes saying did I consider!
Oh! the messages sent by the maid!
Oh! as each Monday morning I paid her,
The things that the landlady said!
Why there isn't a source of pleasure
For which a man specially cares
That I ever enjoyed without hearing
From that awful old lady upstairs.

But one morning I saw a cab sent for
And watched with a curious eye
To see what was going to happen,
The boxes piled on the sly,
Then a bundle of shawls waddled in;
'Twas an answer at last to my prayers,
The cabby jumped up, and thank goodness,
Drove off the old lady upstairs.

Oh, I tugged at the bell and kept tugging,
Till before me the landlady stood;
When I found out with joy past expression,
Yes, the drawing-rooms was going for good.
"Very well," I cried, sternly majestic,
"Mrs. Crupp, I've arranged my affairs,
And it's next Monday week, ma'am, if ever,
You take an old lady upstairs."

"Another old lady! oh no, sir,
My life's almost worrited out
With the orderin', the frettin' and scoldin'
And the runnin' and messin' about;
Another old lady! oh no, sir,
Not while I keep 'ouse, I declares."
So she says, but, mind you, I give notice
If she takes an old lady upstairs.

—*From poems by the late Algernon Boys.*

Some Carnival Talk.

For four days this week Toronto let loose the strings and celebrated. Arrayed in all the natural loveliness of her summer dress she strove to still further enhance her attractiveness by artificial means. To this end she bedecked herself with banners and gay streamers and the astonished citizen on Monday afternoon scarcely recognized the familiar streets so suddenly transmuted into vistas of brilliant colors by the myriads of flags, lanterns, flowers, and drapings which were hung upon the outer walls. The people, too, entered into the enjoyment of the carnival with a commendable spirit. We are not, it is true, so fittingly constituted for the thorough freedom which ought to characterize these celebrations as the more volatile Venetians, Italians or Frenchmen. These children of more genial climes enter upon their carnivals and festivities with a freedom and abandon which the progeny of "the frozen north" find it impossible to assume. But perhaps our enjoyment is not any less than theirs, even if it is not half so demonstrative. I know some men who are rarely seen to laugh, and still more rarely to weep, yet I am certain that they enjoy themselves as much and are quite as sympathetic and warm hearted as those whose emotions seem always ready to manifest themselves. If therefore our carnival was not exactly marked by all the gaiety and picturesqueness of the carnivals of Europe there was nevertheless, many a large and substantial slice of solid enjoyment derived from it. Although I am writing this before the last act has been played, present indications are that our first carnival throughout will be a very complete success. Some mistakes have been made that would not occur were it to be done over again, but we must learn from experience.

It was a most unfortunate circumstance that all the public illuminations on Jarvis street Monday evening were not used. Thousands of Chinese lanterns hung darkly along the crowded street. Because Chief of Police Grasett, in pursuance of a request made by the Mayor and members of the Carnival Committee, ordered his men to allow no vehicles on Jarvis street after seven o'clock, they, with the machine-like discipline which characterizes policemen when they feel that way, would not allow the passage of the wagons of those who were to supply candles to the lanterns. Discipline is a very necessary thing in a body of military men or policemen, but where one fallible man, who cannot possibly foresee all the conditions which may arise, stands off at a distance giving orders which are obeyed to the letter, there is certain to be a magnificent blunder. It seems to me that deputies are usually supposed to exercise their intellects somewhat in cases of this kind. Otherwise they must needs be more or less useless. Despite this drawback the scene on Monday evening was one to be remembered. Fortunately the police could not prevent private citizens from lighting their candles, and in this way the absence of the public lights was not so conspicuous. To give a list of those who illuminated their houses and grounds would be to give the names of most of the residents on the street. In a number of instances the tree-covered lawns were as dreams of oriental magnificence and one almost expected to see dark-eyed senoras languishing in these bowers. What one did actually see was, however, much better. Wherever decorations and illuminations were shown they added greatly to the brilliance of the scene and it is to these public-spirited citizens that credit must be given for the greater portion of the success of Monday's *fete*. Not only did they illume, but many of them held informal receptions, to which their friends were bidden and refreshed with cooling beverages and seasonable viands. From eight o'clock until almost midnight did the cheerful throngs wander up and down, two broad rivers of summer-clad, bright, chatty, warm and somewhat dusty, but nevertheless happy humanity.

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Canada's summer girl was there to be seen at her best, and Canada's summer young man was there to see her. Looking in her cool, snowy garments like a preserved section of a last winter's snowdrift, trimmed with the flowers of June, she made a delightful picture as she clung to the arm of her best young man on the promenade, or posed in easily graceful attitudes beneath subdued lights on the lawns. Canadian girls shine wherever you may place them, but at no time do their splendid perfections show to such advantage as at our summer *fetes*. The Art Fair, the Kirmess, the Carnival, and every other summer festival we have brings out such clusters of luminaries that the summer young man loses his head and proceeds to squander his hoardings with a recklessness that soon wafts him high and dry on the sands of bankruptcy. Our Canadian girl has neither the exaggerated slenderness of her American cousin, of whom we have had many with us this week, nor does she run to the other extreme of her plump, fair-complexioned English cousin. She is the happy mean between these two, but there is nothing mean about her, except that attractive mien which would furnish me with dozens of witnesses to prove that on all this green earth there's nothing so stupendously sweet, so graceful, bright, vivacious, beautiful and charming as our well-bred Canadian summer girl.

One of the chief amusements of the Carnival was in watching the people who were drawn together by it. It was a harvest field for the students of character. People have such different ideas of going about their merry-making that a quiet observation of their movements gives often most entertaining as well as most instructive results. There is always to be found, and in the majority, those who want to see it all at the very lowest expense. They rush about through the crowd regardless of ceremony or corns, with fire in their eye and perspiration on their brows, often dragging a progeny of half a dozen at their heels. After a day of this you meet them going home looking tougher than an emigrant party at Castle Garden, and they tell their neighbors that "they don't know how it is but they always feel more tired after a holiday than if they had worked all day." Perhaps the most trying specimen to look at, however, is the immature youth who goes forth in the morning with the determination of accumulating a jag and having what he calls with variations a "big time." I never see a parcel of these toughs without feeling a desire to have them rounded up and sail into them with a club. But I am consoled with the reflection that if they manage to keep out of jail they may grow out of it in time. Then there are the aggressive people and the retiring people, the man who knows it all and the man who does not know anything and looks as if he were ashamed of it. These types can be multiplied *ad lib.* by anyone who has the observing habit. They were all on deck during carnival time in their worst and best forms.

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In the many phases of pleasure presented by the carnival it should not be lost sight of that its object above all other objects was the celebration of the anniversary of Confederation. Whatever claim Canada has to an individual existence dates from that day, and it should be the pride and pleasure of every Canadian to promote the celebration of his country's birthday, and to make it the vermilion-lettered dry in his calendar. It was with this object in view that the Carnival was first projected, and it is eminently satisfactory to be able to feel that it has been liberally and enthusiastically supported by the citizens. It indicates that the Canadian feeling is strong. Celebrations such as we have had this week will do more than anything else to awaken ourselves as well as outsiders to the fact that our native land is as worthy of panegyric as any of those famed in song or story, and is one of which each of her sons can as worthily exclaim, with the English knight in Marmion, when he saw the beauties of the northern country:

"Where is the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

VAN.

He Took It.

He (thoughtlessly humming an air)—The man in the moon is looking, love.
She (invitingly)—Nobody else is, though.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Romance of a New York Belle.

A beaming, placid, fine-looking woman of 35 attracted my notice at the races on the day of the great Suburban. She was in a box, and about her were many of the handsome men and beautiful women that make the history of high society hereabouts. A girl of 15, possessing a pair of handsome hazel eyes that proved her a daughter of the handsome woman, was eagerly watching the horses as they drew up to the starting post. The girl will be one of the belles of the town when she comes out three seasons from now.

I looked at the mother. Not a trace of the miserable suffering endured by her in her youth remained in the beautiful face. It is so long ago now that I can only just recall her story, so much has happened since to bury it.

One night seventeen years ago Eddie, a bright, handsome, and dissipated youth from up town was wandering about the slums of the city alone. He had quarrelled with his father, the rich railroad speculator, who seemed to be reaching out for all the millions in Wall street, and he had decided not to go home to the parental roof until some sort of an apology was made. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when he passed through Bleecker street, which was thoroughly deserted and very dark. Suddenly he heard a cry of pain, and then a door opened on the opposite side of the street, a feminine figure was thrown out on the sidewalk, a fearful volley of oaths filled the air, and the door was banged to, leaving the woman outside. As she gazed about the street Eddie saw that she was a remarkably pretty girl, and all the sympathy in him, of which he had a fine share, was instantly aroused.

He was preparing to cross the street to offer his aid to the outcast when she turned and fled away from him. He called to her softly to wait for him, but she took no heed, gliding along with a rapidity that he could hardly equal. Not a policeman was met in the flight, and so the pair sped on unnoticed.

A sudden realization of the girl's intentions struck the young man when she flew across the last avenue before East River was reached, and he now began to regularly run after her, while she, hearing him behind her, caught up her skirts and endeavored to escape, striking straight for the long wooden pier extending over the river.

Had the distance been a little shorter the girl must have carried out her desperate purpose of suicide, but by the time she had gained the middle of the dock her pursuer had overtaken her and was holding her tenaciously by both arms, while she demanded to be released, and struggled to throw off her rescuer. The young man was sharp and sensible, and the first words that he uttered were such as to convince the girl that she might do better than to die. He met her declaration that she would not go back to the old life with the assurance that he could put her into an honest business position, where she could be free and comfortable. He was influential, and he would certainly see her provided for. She listened, and she went up into the streets again with the young man. He took her to an all-night restaurant, and, by ordering an immense supper, gained the privilege of sitting at a table there until morning. Then he left her, after making her promise to meet him at an appointed place that same day.

At 11 o'clock he was at his father's office, penitent, apologetic, and declaring on his honor that he would live inside his allowance henceforth. His father thought he saw an expression in his face that bore out his words, and he gave him the money he had refused that morning, saying they would begin fresh, and if the boy kept his word he would go up a little on the old figures.

The young man kept his word for a year, and that was up to the day of his father's death, and then he found himself the possessor of more millions than he knew what to do with. The first thing he did after the estate was settled was to sail away to Europe, and the passenger list of the ship contained the only public acknowledgment that a wife went with him. Five years later he returned to New York with his wife and child. A happier household could not exist, and, though no one is sure about the ancestors of the wife, there is no question that she is a great ornament to the fashionable circle in which she moves.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A New Fake.

Tourist (to boy fishing)—How many fish have you caught, my man?

Boy—Oh, I couldn't count 'em!

Tourist—Why, you haven't caught any, you little vagabond!

Boy—That's why I can't count 'em.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Judgment.

She—Who is that gentleman that seems to be attracting so much attention?

He—Why, that's one of our most popular spring poets.

She—He looks too old and tough to be a spring poet.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A New Variety of Moonstone.

Miss De Styles—What kind of moonstones have you?

Jeweler (puzzled)—Um—ah! What kind do you want?

Miss De Styles—I would like a honeymoon stone.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Those Sumptuous Seaside Bathing Houses.

Voice from inside—Hello, Patterson! Stand me up on end again, will you! This bathing palace has toppled over, and the door's on the under side.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAY IS SET FOR VIOLET'S MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Mencke privately informed Lord Cameron that Violet had acknowledged the engagement, and would see him again when she was a little stronger.

His lordship thanked her with a beaming face, and tried to think that he was the happiest man on the Continent, but there was, nevertheless, an aching void in his heart that could not be fully satisfied with the result of his wooing.

The morning following his betrothal he sent Violet an exquisite bouquet composed of blue and white bell-flowers, cape jasmine, and box, which breathed to the young girl, who was versed in the language of flowers, of gratitude, constancy and joyfulness of heart.

She turned white and faint again at the sight of them, and a broken-hearted sob burst from her lips.

"Did I promise!—did I promise!" she moaned. "I do not remember; but if he says I did, it must be so, for I believed that he is too noble to deceive me. I wish I could die! for it seems like sacrilege to become Lord Cameron's wife when my heart is so filled with the image of another.

Mrs. Mencke came in and found her in tears, and was secretly very much annoyed, besides being a trifle conscience-smitten over the strategy which she had employed to bring about this longed-for marriage. But she exerted herself to assume her troublesome invalid, while she told herself that she should consider it a lucky day when she got her off her hands altogether.

The second morning after matters had been thus settled, Vane Cameron was told that he might pay his betrothed another visit.

This he was of course only too glad to do, and his face lighted with positive joy when, upon entering her presence, he saw a cluster of blue-bell flowers fastened upon her breast among the folds of her dainty white *robe-de-chambre*.

He went forward and took both her hands in his, pressing his lips first to one and then the other, in a chivalrous, reverent way that touched Violet deeply, and smote her, too, with a sense of guilt and shame.

"God is good to me in granting my heart's desire," he said, in a low, earnest tone. "May His richest blessings be yours in the future, my Violet."

The fair girl could not utter one word in reply. Her heart was beating so rapidly and heavily that for a moment she thought she must suffocate, while that mute cry again went up from its wounded depths:

"Oh! Wallace, Wallace, did I promise?"

Lord Cameron saw that she was deeply agitated, and, seating himself beside her, he began to talk of subjects to distract her mind from herself and their new relations to each other.

He possessed great tact and a wonderful fund of anecdote and incident, and when he left her presence he had actually made her laugh over a droll account of an experience of the previous day.

After that he enticed her out for a drive about the beautiful bay, and having once achieved this much, it was comparatively easy to plan something for her pleasure and amusement every day.

While Violet was with him she could not fail to feel the charm of his presence, and she would, for the time, forget her sorrow and her trouble; but the moment she was alone, the old aversion to the thought of becoming his wife, together with all the old misery for Wallace, would revive to make her wretched.

One day, as they were nearing their hotel after a longer drive than usual, Violet had seemed to enjoy herself more than she was wont to do, Lord Cameron ventured to broach a subject that lay very near his heart.

"Mrs. Mencke informs me that she and her husband are contemplating a tour of the Alps this summer," he remarked by way of introduction.

Violet looked up surprised. She had not heard her sister say anything about such a tour, and there was nothing she dreaded so much, in the present weakened state of her mind and body, as being taken about to various fashionable resorts and to be obliged to meet gay pleasure-seekers.

She sighed heavily, but made no other reply to Lord Cameron's information.

"You feel that it would be rather hard for you to make such a trip, do you not?" her companion inquired, gently. Then, without waiting for a reply, he went on: "How would you like, instead, to come with me to the Isle of Wight and spend a quiet, restful summer, interspersed, perhaps, with a little yachting now and then?

A great shock went through Violet at this, as she realized that he wanted her to become his wife immediately and take him off with him.

A blur came before her eyes, a great lump seemed to rise in her throat and almost choke her.

Oh, she thought, if she could only flee away to her own room at home in Cincinnati and stay there by herself, out of the sight or sound of everybody, what a relief it would be!

She shrank more and more from Belle and Will and the idea of going about from place to place with them; still a sense of duty and the wrong oppressed her every time she thought of marrying this good, noble man, and giving him only the ashes of a dead love in return for the wealth of his affection for her.

Yet, of the two plans, the going to the Isle of Wight, to quiet and rest, seemed the most attractive, while the yachting proposal was very alluring, for Violet was intensely fond of the sea.

Vane Cameron was conscious of the shock which had so thrilled her, but whether it had been caused by pleasure or repugnance he could not tell. He feared the latter, for his sweet bride-elect had, thus far, been very unresponsive to his love and devotion.

He sat regarding her very gravely and somewhat sadly, while she seemed to be considering his proposition.

His thoughts had been more for her health and comfort than of his own desire or pleasure, but he would not bias her decision one way or the other.

Finally, Violet lifted her eyes to his face, while a faint flush tinged her pale cheek.

"I will do whatever you like—whatever you think best," she said, quietly.

His heart leaped as he remarked the flush, but he returned, earnestly, tenderly:

"But what I would like, oh, so much, is what you would prefer. I would not force you a hair's breadth against your inclination, much as I long to have you go with me. Would you enjoy the tour through the Alps with your sister?"

"No, no!" Violet cried, in a strained unnatural voice, as she felt that in her circumstances closing hopelessly about her. "Oh, I wish I could go home!" and yet where, on the face of the earth, had she now a home?

This wistful, almost despairing cry actually brought tears to the eyes of the strong man at her side, while his heart sank heavily within him, for surely there had been no thought of him or of his great love in that homesick wail.

But bravely putting aside self, as he always did where she was concerned, he gently returned:

"You shall go home if you wish—you shall do anything you like, and I will not urge you to any step against which your heart rebels; still, if you are willing to go with me, I will gladly take you home to America. Mr. and Mrs. Mencke, I know, have no thought of returning at present, as they have told me that they intend to travel for the next year or two and long to see the most of Europe during that time. It seemed to me that you were not strong enough, just now, to begin such a ceaseless round of travel, and that is why I proposed the Isle of Wight. Shall we go there to rest until you are a little more robust, and then, if you wish, we will return to America?"

How good—how kind he was! And if he had only been her brother, Violet could have thrown herself upon his breast and wept out her gratitude for and appreciation of his thoughtfulness.

But to speak the words that would settle her destiny for life—to tell him that she would become his wife immediately—how her could she?

Still she knew it must be one thing or the other—either a hurry and rush over Europe with uncongenial companions, or a going away to some peaceful retreat as the Countess of Sutherland.

At last, with a mighty effort to control the nervous trembling that seized her, but with a sense of despair in her heart, she murmured, in a scarcely audible voice:

"I will go to the Isle of Wight."

Vane Cameron made no reply to this, though his heart gave a great leap of gladness. He simply laid one hand gently and tenderly upon her form for a moment, then touching up his horse, drove rapidly up the avenue leading to the hotel, where upon the wide piazza, they saw Mr. and Mrs. Mencke seated among the other guests of the house.

"May I tell your sister that you have decided against the tour through the Alps," Vane whispered, as he lifted Violet's light form from the carriage.

"Yes," she assented, and then fled to her own room, where she sank nearly fainting upon her bed.

She felt that she was irrevocably bound now; that she had given her unqualified consent to become Lord Cameron's wife. She would soon be a countess and occupy a position which half the women in Europe would envy, and yet she was utterly wretched.

A little later her sister came to her, and in all her life Violet could not remember that she had ever manifested so much affection for her.

"Vane has told me," she said, in an exultant tone, as she bent down and softly kissed Violet's burning forehead. "I am very glad, and I fully agree with him that it will be best for you to go quietly to the Isle of Wight until your health is fully established. He says he has a yacht there also, and intends to give you an occasional taste of the ocean which you love so much. It will be delightful. And now we must begin to think of the necessary preparations, for Vane says, if you are agreeable, he would like the marriage to take place just a month from to-day, when you will start immediately for England.

For the life of her Violet could not prevent the shiver which shook her from head to foot at this announcement, and a wild desire for death and oblivion shot through her heart.

"Well, dear, what shall I tell him?" Belle asked, after waiting for some time for a response and receiving none.

"Suit yourselves—it makes no difference to me," Violet said, wearily, and though it was a rather doubtful and unsatisfactory conclusion, Mrs. Mencke made the most of it; and, feeling perfectly jubilant over this happy termination to all her ambitious plotting and scheming, she stole away to impart the gratifying information to her husband, who, of late, had seemed to be very impatient of the delay in bringing matters to a crisis.

They did not trouble the young girl much after that. Vane said she must not be annoyed by petty details, so he took everything that was possible upon himself.

Matters of importance, which he did not feel at liberty to decide alone, he submitted to Mrs. Mencke, who pretended to consult Violet; but it was only pretense, for she settled everything to suit herself, and the preparations for the wedding went steadily and rapidly forward.

The ambitious woman was so delighted that she must have some outlet for her feelings, which would have been out of taste for her to exhibit, so she sent notices to different American papers of the approaching marriage of her sister, "Miss Violet Draper Huntington to his lordship the Earl of Sutherland," etc., etc.

Violet kept her room most of the time, for she shrank from mingling with the guests of the hotel, since she knew there would be a great deal of gossip over her approaching nuptials, and she did not like to be conspicuous.

She drove nearly every day with her betrothed, however, and while with him exerted herself to appear interested and entertained and grateful for his unwearied kindness.

He was very considerate of her feelings—he seldom referred to their approaching marriage, but sought by every means in his power to keep her mind engaged with amusing and pleasant topics.

The ceremony was to be performed in the English church of this place, and Mrs. Mencke had sent to Paris for a suitable trousseau for the occasion. She had spared no expense, for she was determined that her daughter should be as brilliant as circumstances would permit.

The day preceding that set for the wedding Violet was so ill—so nervous and prostrated by her increasing dread and sense of coming as the fatal hour drew near—that she did not rise until noon, while it was nearly evening before she felt able to greet Vane on an interview which he particularly requested.

He started back appalled, when, as he entered her parlor, she turned her wan, colorless face toward him.

"You are ill! I had no idea that you were so sick!" he cried, in a voice of deep concern and surprise, for Mrs. Mencke had made light of Violet's indisposition.

"No, not ill, only tired and a little nervous," she replied, trying to assume a reassuring tone.

He sat down beside her and began to tell her about the arrangements he had made for going home," and she was touched to see how, in every detail, he had had only her comfort and pleasure in mind.

"Shall you carry like it?" he asked, when he had sketched the proposed journey to her.

"Yes, thank you; you are very kind," she tried to say heartily, but, in spite of her effort, the tone was cold and formal.

The young man's face fell. He had so hoped to see her light up with anticipation.

"Is Lady Sutherland sure you would like changed!—would you prefer to go another way, or to take in other places on the route?" he inquired, with a sudden misgiving that he would express some preference, or even make some objection to his plans; anything would be more endurable than such apathetic acquiescence.

"No, let it stand, please. I am sure I have in," she answered, in a somewhat weary tone.

"Have you everything you wish? Are there no little things that you need—that have been overlooked—for to-morrow?" he asked, wistfully, his voice dropping to a tender cadence at that last word, as he realized how nearly the one great desire of his heart was within his grasp.

Was it his imagination, or did a shiver of repulsion run over Violet's frame at this reference to their wedding-day?

She was as white as the fleecy shawl that was thrown about her shoulders, and there was a pathetic droop about her lovely mouth that pained him exceedingly.

"No, thank you," she quietly replied, "Belle has attended to everything."

He arose, feeling disappointed. If she had made but a single request of him, no matter how simple, it would have made him so happy to execute it; but his hands were tied—he could not force favors upon her.

"I will not remain longer, dear," he said, gently. "I want you to get all the rest possible to-night, so as to be strong for our journey to-morrow."

Violet arose also, and stood pale and motionless before him. She was very lovely, and he never forgot the picture she made, with the crimson light of the setting sun flooding her white robed form, tinting her pale face with an exquisite color, and giving a deeper, richer tint to her golden hair.

Oh, if he had but been sure of her love, how supremely happy they might be, he thought, with all the bright prospects before them.

An irrepressible wave of tenderness and longing swept over him, and, invitingly, he reaching out his arms, he drew her gently within his embrace.

"My darling," he whispered, "you are all the world to me. I pray that I may be able to prove to you by and by, how wholly you occupy this heart of mine."

He lifted her face with one hand and searched it earnestly for a moment, then, bending forward, he pressed his lips to hers in a lingering caress.

It was the first time that he had kissed her, or made any outward demonstration of his great love since their betrothal.

Violet broke away from him, with a low, thrilling cry of anguish, and sank, pale and quivering in every nerve, into the chair from which she had just arisen.

That caress had recalled the last passionate kiss of farewell that Wallace had given her just before the steamer left its pier in New York, while it had also revealed to her the fact that he would always be more to her, even though he were dead, than Lord Cameron, with all his love, his goodness, and generosity, could ever hope to be, living.

He was deeply hurt, however, by this repulse, and her cry of despair. He stood for a moment looking down upon her, mingled pain and remorse for what he had done plainly written on his face. Then he said, in a reproachful tone:

"Forgive me, Violet; I will try not to wound you thus again."

She threw out her hand to him with an appealing gesture, conscience-stricken, for his tone plainly told her how deeply she had hurt him.

"Forgive me," she said, contritely, a little sob pointing her words.

He took the hand and pressed it gently.

"I have nothing to forgive, dear. Now, good-night, and try to sleep well," he returned, kindly, and then went softly out from her presence, but looking grave and troubled.

(To be continued.)

The Ladder of Art.

The ladder of art is steeper to climb than the ladder of literature. There are not more artists than writers, but the difficulty of making a name seems greater. Most of the famous artists sprang from the ranks. Turner, the great founder of English landscape painting, was the son of a barber, and labored long at the work of coloring architectural drawings, receiving very poor remuneration. But his fame increased, and consequently his prices.

The famous artist was a bachelor, and miserly in his habits. Gillott, the pen maker, once got access to him by bribing the servant.

"What do you know about pictures?" exclaimed Turner.

"Oh, I know enough to like yours."

"Ah, but you can't buy of me," said Turner, gruffly.

"No, I know that but I want to swop with you.

"Swop! what with?"

"Oh, some pictures."

"Pictures! what pictures?"

"Well, I've got my pictures in my pocket," said the Birmingham man, as he pulled out a handful of £1,000 notes, and waved them before the eyes of the grim painter, whose face broke into a smile at the sight, and the humor of his new visitor, while he said, "You're a rum chap, come in and have a glass of sherry."

Turner led his visitor into a room, and Gillott began to point to this and that picture he should like, at which Turner generally replied, "Ah, don't you wish you may get it?"

One of the pictures was The Building of Carthage, which attracted Gillott's eye especially. He remarked, "I should like that, and that," pointing to the Sun Rising in Mist, and held out his bunch of bank notes, as he said, "Come, Mr. Turner, I'll swop these with you for those two."

"No, thank you, I'll never sell 'em. They might have been had in the Academy for a couple o' hundred apiece, but the press made fun of 'em, and wrote 'em down, and now nobody shall have 'em.

As the story goes, Mr. Gillott looked at the pictures piled against the walls on the floor, some being stuck in the window to stop a broken pane. "Well, then, Mr. Turner, what will you take for that lot, without these two?"

"Oh, don't want to sell 'em and I wouldn't take less than £35,000," said Turner, thinking of frightening his visitor, but to his great astonishment, Gillott quietly pulled out his pocketbook, counted the required sum, and laid it upon the table.

Then Turner's heart failed him, though the sight was so tempting, and all he could be persuaded to do was to part with some dozen pictures at his own price, about 200 guineas each, and these Gillott carried off in a cab triumphantly.

Turner died in 1851, and bequeathed sixty pictures, one of which was worth £5,000; £30,000 worth of sketches and drawings, a ruthless store of engravings, and £120,000 in cash.

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield, very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing, when, with simplicity of manner, but with great courtesy, he replied: "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. Thereupon the gentleman asked to see what the boy had done, and, pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, gave him sixpence. This may be reckoned the first money Chantrey received for the production of art.

Dining one day with Rogers, the banker poet, Chantrey took particular notice of a vase, on the table upon which it stood, asking Rogers who made the table.

"A common carpenter," replied Rogers.

"Do you remember the making of it?" said Chantrey.

"Certainly," replied Rogers, with some surprise, "I was in the room while it was finished with the chisel, and gave the workman directions about placing it."

"Yes," confessed Chantrey, "I remember the room well and all the circumstances."

"A curious story!" adds the chronicler, "I noticed both the table and the sculptor, Chantrey, and the magnanimity which kept him from being ashamed of what he had been."

Gustave Dore was never admitted to rank high as an artist in the minds of Frenchmen, yet he once declared that between the years 1850 and 1870 he had earned no less than £280,000 with his pencil. A very considerable portion of this money came from England, where his popularity was never for a moment in doubt.

Mr. Frith had great difficulties at first to surmount, and, owing to the failure of a dealer, he told his uncle that he thought he should have to take to auctioneering after all.

"And a precious deal better for you, sir," said the uncle, "than this ridiculous business of yours."

However, the young artist persevered and conquered. His Railway Station established his fame, and lined his pockets with gold. His autobiography should be read by every student of art.

The late Randolph Caldecott was a bank clerk in Manchester, and worked for years as an artist before he made a hit. One day he determined to make his first experiment with an editor, went up to London and presented a letter of introduction to Mark Lemon, with a humorous sketch on wood, and a small book of drawings, showing the fancies of a wedding. The editor received him in a very flattering manner, accepted the sketch, and paid many compliments to the lively scenes of the wedding party.

"From that day to this," said Mr. Caldecott, in 1884, "I have never seen sketch or book." The first never appeared, in spite of the promise, and the second had probably been thrown into the waste paper basket. A few months later Caldecott happened to meet Mark Lemon in Manchester, who had not forgotten the young artist, but all he said was:

"My dear fellow, I am vagabondizing to-day, not Punch-ing."

But Caldecott was not discouraged by this bad treatment; he tried other editors, and succeeded in getting his sketches accepted. In his own time he became one of the best artists of the day.—*London Tid-Bits.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

SUE.—See Frisk.

S. E. A.—See Clara Peggotty.

DOROTHY.—Yes, Stanley was born in Wales.

EVA.—Vivacity, mirthfulness, impulse, tenderness and vanity.

BERTH.—Resolution, sensitiveness, suspicion and self-esteem.

EVELYN IRVING.—Decision, sympathy, vanity and carelessness.

W. J. S.—Your writing shows vanity, self-will, impulsiveness and generosity.

J. M.—This writing shows good practical ability, mirth, tenderness and sympathy.

MILDRED.—Your writing exhibits tireless energy, order, mirth, self-will and ambition.

HAZEL KINGSTON.—Your writing shows perseverance, amiability, generosity and precision.

GERTA.—It was Moore who said: "There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream."

FRISK.—Much romance of feeling, impulse, energy and cheerfulness are indicated by your writing.

STELLA BERSALLA.—Your writing shows animation, courage, hasty temper, tenderness and impulse.

ALICE.—Move On is for sale at several music dealers' in town. Resolution, sensitiveness and perseverance.

LILLIE BRANDON, Chatham.—Your writing shows tact, energy, resolution, vanity, fondness of approbation, vivacity and self-will.

A. TORONTO.—Your writing indicates constancy, good practical ability, perseverance, candor, and a keen sense of the ludicrous.

BOY BLUE.—Glad your writing was correctly delineated. The enclosed shows reserve, rather gloomy temperament, unselfishness and tenderness.

ROSEMONT.—You are a little nervous, very sensitive, and a little headstrong. Your writing shows in addition carelessness and indecision, but much candor.

CHARITY.—You possess a strong and much force of character, energy, self-reliance and decision. There is also present a little carelessness and some self-will.

HAL O'NEAL.—Will that Lily Dale live to be number nine of the Hundred Choice Selections series. It is a tender, early wedded little poem, with a splendid teaching. That field of love is Cupid's best board, warranted to wear—for ever.

NIBLOCK DEMPSY, Hamilton.—*Mia Cara* means May Blossom. Your writing shows much self-will, order, cheerfulness and tenacious nature.

TOPAZ.—So you really do believe some what in graphology? I am very glad the delineation of your friend's writing was correct. Yours shows sympathy, good intention, self-reliance, self esteem, abundance of perseverance and an unostentatious nature.

FIRE AND SNOW.—You are doubtless warm-hearted, self-esteeming, impulsive, sunny-tempered and a great big bundle of "I wonder if I can do it?" or "don't I know?" Write again if you wish. I shall be glad to answer any que.tions that I can.

A. I. W.—Sir, you send the SATURDAY NIGHT over the water each week. I am sure that is nice of you, for some English people think the people of Canada and Canadians. Your writing shows generosity, sincerity, order, thoughtfulness and a hasty temper.

BLUE EYES.—Your letter complimentary, you are. Many thanks for the kind and positive way in which you gave your opinion. Your writing is that of a shrewd, reserved, self-willed man. I see also your combined ambition, simplicity of tastes, order and cheerfulness.

JOHN M. BAUER.—If you love a woman you must re-peat and re-peat, if you would have her know, why should you jealous. From what I understand you are unjustly doubtful. Who can surely predict anything. By all means make the photograph; I shall be glad to read it. Have you your war-paint and feathers on?

PEAK.—You might do much better here, and I would advise you to try for a position, but do not throw up your present situation until you have something definite, for with patience and self-esteem, you will succeed in a much better; and if we again at any time; I shall be glad to hear from you.

VIVA.—Now Viva, I am sure you are sedate, very sedate, good-tempered, not given to fretting over trifles, sympathetic and brave. There is also present a carelessness which stands out very strongly in some loop letters. Can't you try and drive it away? By all means, write again. I'm sorry and willing to answer anything that I possibly can.

MAUDE.—I am glad the delineation was correct. Sir Walter Scott died in 1832. Make the skirt full, and have a gathered low-necked spencer raised around to it. Line it up the front, with a cream silk lace; and wear a guimpe of crushed to match the skirt. Wear it with a sailor, or better still, a wide-brimmed white straw hat with sash and rosettes of foulard.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—What on earth are you doing in Australia? You've come back almost two years too soon. Now Christopher, you ask me what to do about that young lady. Is she worth a sacrifice of your independence? Is their word; and if she declared by her best bonnet, that she would not marry you, I don't see what you can do. Try making her jealous.

DIMPLES, Drayton.—It is too bad, but my dear little Dimples, what can you expect? No man will continue to shower attentions on a young lady who acts as if their little nose at him every second day. I am afraid you are too flippant. A good manner is something a woman should be proud to take and keep with deep down thankfulness Don't be unwise in these matters.

FRENZOFE.—In giving a note to a friend to deliver you should give it in unsealed and the bearer will read it in your presence. It is an unwritten law certainly, but the delicacy of feeling which prompts it should be adhered to. Your writing shows heedlessness, self-will, vanity and ambition. I am afraid we could not do as you ask. The subject is good, but the delineation is very feeble.

CLARA PEGGOTTY.—Your question regarding girl's whistling amused me very much. The old saw has been altered to fit the women of to-day and read as follows:

Girls that whistle and hens that crow,
Will make their way wherever they go.

Did your sister see the shock of the influenza? So many have suffered from it in that way. Your writing shows generosity, sincerity and tenderness.

JUNE MARSTON.—You will be glad to see furnished simply, I think, after a while. You ask me to suggest colors for your rooms. My taste and yours might be very quarrelsome. I should say blue and gold for your drawing-rooms, mahogany for the dining-room, and for the bed chamber pale blue and white, pale green and white and fawn and white. By all means have the one good engraving. One such picture as you mention is worth two dozen daubs, where canvas is only ruined and paint wasted.

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HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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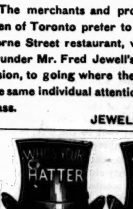

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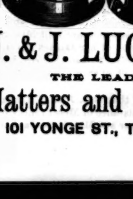

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CHAPTER LI.

The proceedings relating to Westwood's trial as Hubert Lepel's confession naturally excited great interest. The whole matter had to be investigated once more; and it could not be denied that a howl of indignation at Hubert's conduct went up through the length and breadth of the land. Even Flossy's indiscretion—to call them by no harsher name—were not held to excuse him for suppressing the fact that he had taken Sydney Vane's life and then allowed Andrew Westwood to suffer the penalty of a crime which he had not committed. The details that came out one after another tested the public appetite to an incredible extent. And in such a case it soon become evident that no details could be suppressed at all. Even the fact of the attachment between Hubert and Cynthia leaked out, although everybody tried hard to keep it a secret; and great was the wonder excited by Cynthia's steady refusal to give up the lover who had nearly caused her father's death.

She must be a heartless creature indeed!" the busybodies said. "Who ever heard of such a revolting position? Has her father cast her off? What a grief it must be to him! It is like a terrible old Greek tragedy!"

And, when the busybodies heard that Westwood had not objected to his child's marriage with Hubert Lepel, and had actually appeared to be friendly with him, they concluded that all parties concerned must be equally devoid of the finer qualities of human nature, and that a painful revelation of baseness and secret vice had just been made.

But, in spite of public indignation, it was not possible for Hubert Lepel to receive very severe punishment from the arm of the law. He had never been examined at Westwood's trial—and the law does not compel a man to inculpate himself. He was held to have committed manslaughter, and he was condemned to two years' imprisonment. And Westwood received a "free pardon" from the Queen—which Cynthia thought a very inadequate way of testifying to his innocence; and he walked through London streets a free man once more, and might have been made into a hero had he chosen, especially when it became known that he was very well off, and that he had a daughter so beautiful and gifted as the young lady who had previously been known to the general public as Cynthia West.

Cynthia was entreated to sing again and again, and was assured that people would flock to hear her and see her more than ever. But she steadily refused to sing in any public place. She could not overcome the feeling that her audience only came to stare at her as Westwood's daughter, and not to hear her sing. So she withdrew therefore from the musical profession, and lived a quiet life in London with her father, who had postponed his departure for a few weeks. He would not return to America until the close of Hubert Lepel's trial.

The general's sad death, caused chiefly by excitement, was felt, when the shock was passed, to be almost a relief for his friends. They all felt that it would have been sad indeed if the old man had lived to see himself desolate, his name dragged through the mud, his wife branded with shame, the boy that he had loved not only laid in the grave, but known to be no kin to him at all. He could not have borne it; his life would have been a misery to him; and it was perhaps well that he should die. His will had been unsigned, and the property therefore passed to Enid, with the usual "half" to his widow.

Flossy found herself better off than she had expected to be. She never seemed to regret her actions, not even the hysterical outburst which had caused her to confess her guilt and to hasten the general's end. She declared herself relieved that she had now nothing to conceal. As for the execration that she met with from all who knew her story, she cared very little indeed. She refused to see her old acquaintances, and went abroad as soon as possible. Her lawyer alone knew her address—as she did not correspond with her English friends; but she was occasionally heard of at a foreign watering-place, where she posed as an interesting widow completely misunderstood by a sadly prejudiced world. Hubert she married again, and it was said that her husband, a Russian nobleman, ill-treated her; but Flossy was quite capable of holding her own against any number of Russian noblemen, and it was more likely that he suffered at her hands than she at his. In the wild northern lands, however, she finally made her home; and she announced to her lawyer her determination never to set foot in England again. A traveler who afterwards came across her in Russia reported to her relatives that she was haggard and worn, that she was said to take chloral regularly, and that she suffered from some obscure disease of the nerves for which no doctor could find a cure. And thus she passed out of the lives of her English friends—unloved, unmourned, unhappy and, in spite of wealth and title, unsuccessful in all that she tried to attain.

Enid, the owner of Beechfield Hall, took a dislike to the place, and would not live in it for many a long day. She remained with Miss Vane until a year had passed after the general's death, and then she married Mr. Evandale and took up her abode at the rectory. She made an ideal parson's wife. Her health had grown stronger in the quiet atmosphere of Miss Vane's home; and, curiously enough, she never had another of her strange "seizures" after her departure from Beechfield Hall. She herself always believed that she had conquered them by an effort of will; but Mr. Evandale was disposed to think that she had been occasionally put under the influence of some drug by Mrs. Vane, and that Mrs. Vane had either wished to remove her altogether from her path or undermine her health and intellect completely. At a later date she had grown tired of this method, and tried to take a quicker way; but in this attempt she had been foiled. Parker remained in Enid's service, and made a faithful nurse, devoted to her mistress and her mistress' children, and, above all, devoted to her master, who had spoken to her gently of her faults, and given her new hope for the future.

And, when the little Evandales began to overflow the rectory nurseries, Enid managed to conquer her distaste for the statelier wing that had stood empty for so many years, and came thither with her family to fill the vacant rooms with merry faces, and to chase away all ghosts of a tragic past by the sound of eager voices, of laughter, and of pattering feet. And then a deeper love for the old home, now grown so beautiful and dear, stirred within her; and in time she even marvelled at herself that she had stayed away so long from Beechfield Hall.

Sabina Meldreth died in a curious direction. The rector "got hold of her," as he expressed it, and managed to lay his finger on the soft spot in her heart. She proved to be a remorseful love for delicate children; and this trait of character became her salvation. She never talked of the past or bewailed her repented; but she gave herself little by little, with strange steadfastness and thoroughness, to the service of sick children in hospitals. She went through a nurse's training, and got an engagement as nurse in the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children. Here she pined, happy; and the children loved her—which some people thought odd, because she preserved a good deal of her roughness of manner and abruptness of speech in ordinary life. But she was made of finer fibre than one would have imagined, and children never found her harsh or unkind or unsympathetic. The memory of little Dick remained with her perhaps, but she never spoke of him.

During the months of Hubert's imprisonment Cynthia did not correspond with him. He had asked her not to do so. Her letters would of course have been overlooked. All that she could do until the trial was over was to send him flowers, which he was permitted to receive; and very dear those boxes of rare blossoms soon became to him. He spent a great part of his time in the infirmary; for his strength had been very much tried during the time of his convalescence, and it often seemed as if his anticipations were to be realized, and as if his term of punishment would not last very long. Cynthia had made him promise that she should be summoned to his side if he were absolutely in danger. For many a week she used to be half afraid to look at her letters in the morning, lest the dread summons should be amongst them; but, after a time, her courage began to revive, and she dared—yes, she actually dared—to hope for a brighter future. But, when the term of his imprisonment began, he knew that she must wait patiently for its end before the cloud of darkness was lifted from her life.

"It's about time we were getting back to the States, I reckon," her father said to her one day.

"So soon, father?"

"What should we stay in England for?" he asked, without glancing at her. "I want to get back to my work; and I want to show you the place, and your new house."

For at times he drew glowing pictures of the house that he intended to build for Cynthia some day. Cynthia used to smile and listen very sweetly. She never contradicted him; she only grew a little abstracted now and then when he wandered very clearly, and ply the needle a little faster through the work that she now affected. He did not usually seem to notice her silence; but on this occasion he broke out rather petulantly.

"One would think you took no interest in it at all! You might sometimes remember that it's all for you."

"I do remember it, father dear—and I am very grateful."

"Well, then," said Westwood, at once restored to cheerfulness, "just you look here at these plans. I've been talking to an architect, and this is the drawing he's made. Nice mansion that, isn't it? You see, there's the ground floor—a study for me, and a drawing-room and a morning-room and all sorts of things for you; and here's a wing that can be added on or not, as is required. Because," he went on rather quickly and nervously, "if you was to marry out there, you could set up housekeeping with him, you know; and, when the family grew too large for the house, we could just add room after room—here, you see—until we had enough."

"Yes, father." And then Cynthia added with simplicity, which was perhaps a little assumed, "Miss Enid Vane says that Hubert will be ordered to the Riviera for the winter when—when he is free."

"What has that to do with it?" said Westwood, rolling up his plans and moving a few steps away from her.

"Only that perhaps we had better not think too much about the house, father. We might not be able to come to it."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" her father said, slowly. "You're still thinking of Mr. Lepel, Cynthia?"

"Yes, father dear."

"You mean to marry the man that would have seen me hanged and never said a word to save me?"

"He would not have done that, you know, father. He spoke out at last in order to save you from being re-arrested. And you gave me your consent before—"

"Ay, before I knew that he had done the deed! I thought he was a sister's lover, I did; and that he was keeping her secret, when I gave my consent, my girl. It makes a deal of difference."

"Not to me," said Cynthia quietly. "He did wrong; but I learned to love him before I knew the story; and I can't leave off loving him now."

Westwood sat down and began rapping the table with his roll of plans in a meditative manner.

"Women are curious folks," he said at last. "When a man's prosperous, they nag at him and make his life a weariness to him; but, when he's in trouble, they stick to him faithful nor too fond. It's awkward sometimes."

"But it's their nature, you see, father," said Cynthia, smiling a little as she folded up her work.

"I suppose it is. And I suppose—being one of them—it's nothing to you that this man's name has been cried high and low throughout the British Empire as a monster of iniquity, a base cowardly villain, so afraid of being found out that he nearly let another man swing for him—that's nothing to you, eh?"

Cynthia's cheeks burned.

"It is nothing to me because it is not true," she said. "I know the world says so; but the world is wrong. He is not cowardly—he is not base; he has a noble heart. And when he did that wrong it was for his sister's sake and to save her from punishment—not for his own. Oh, father, you never spoke so hardly of him before!"

"I am only repeating what the world says," replied Westwood, stolidly. "I am not stating my own private opinion. What the world says is a very important thing, Cynthia."

"I don't care for what it says!" cried Cynthia, impatiently.

"But I care—not for myself, but for you. And we've got to pay some attention to it—you and I and the man you marry, whoever he may be."

"It will be Hubert Lepel or nobody, father."

"It may be Hubert, but it won't be Hubert Lepel with my consent. He has no call to be very proud of his name that I can see. Look here, Cynthia! When he comes out, you can tell him this for me—he may marry you if he'll take the name of 'Westwood' and give up that of 'Lepel.' Many a man does that, I'm told, when he comes into a fortune. Well, you're a fortune by yourself, beside what I've got to leave you. If he won't do that he won't do much for you."

"I'm not ashamed of his name," said Cynthia, with a little tremor in her voice.

"Well, perhaps not; but I'd rather it was so. I don't think I'm unreasonable, my dear. 'Lepel' isn't an uncommon name, and is too well known. As 'Mrs. Hubert Westwood' you will escape remark much more easily than as 'Mrs. Hubert Lepel.' I think it will be much to ask; and it's the one condition I make before I give my consent to his marrying you."

"I will tell him, father. Perhaps he will not mind."

"If he minds, he won't be worthy of you—that's all! I've got to say," said Westwood, rising to his feet and preparing to leave the room.

But Cynthia intercepted him.

"Father, if he consents, you will forgive him, will you not?" she said, putting her hands on his shoulder and looking anxiously into his eyes.

"Forgive him, my dear! Well, I suppose I have done that, or I shouldn't say that he might marry you at all."

"And you will forget the past, and love him a little for my sake?"

"I'm bound to love the people you love, Cynthy," said the old man, stooping to kiss the beautiful face, and parting her cheek with his roll of plans; "and I don't think you've got any call to feel afraid."

(To be Continued.)

His Weak Point.

In a restaurant. A frightfully bald customer has just begun his dinner, when he suddenly calls the waiter and points to a hair in the soup.

"Where did that come from?"

"It must be monsieur's."

The customer, evidently much flattered, replied: "No doubt, my good fellow, no doubt."

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

In the *Century*, under the heading "What's the News?" Eugene M. Camp has an article containing a number of interesting facts about leading newspapers. The article is only three pages long, and is a marvel of condensation. The writer says:

News is an unpublished event of present interest. It is an event, rather than a fact or circumstance, because it contains the element of happening. Editing a newspaper is the process of weighing news. No newspaper ever publishes all the news, although many advertise to do so. What is the total annual cost to the wholesale purchasers of news—namely, the publishers—of the entire news-product in the United States? For several years I have been gathering information upon which to base an estimate.

Publishers in this country annually expend something near the following sums for news:

For press dispatches	$ 1,820,000
" special "	2,250,000
" local news	12,500,000
	$16,570,000

The business of the Associated Press amounts to $1,250,000 per annum, and that of the United Press is $450,000 per annum. The estimate for special dispatches includes telegraph tolls and pay of the correspondents who furnish the news. Here are the average monthly bills for special dispatches of fourteen leading journals:

Atlanta Constitution	$ 1,100
Boston Herald	5,500
Chicago Herald	6,500
Chicago Tribune	4,500
Cincinnati Commercial Gazette	5,300
Cincinnati Enquirer	4,750
Kansas City Journal	1,050
Minneapolis Tribune	3,000
New York World	9,514
Philadelphia Press	3,000
San Francisco Call	3,500
San Francisco Examiner	8,000
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	11,650
St. Louis Republic	3,300

The cost of the "local" news far exceeds that of both the other departments. The weekly bills for local news of the leading New York dailies range from $1,500 to $3,400.

Dailies are delivered upon the newseditor's desk, it has then to be edited; and editors' services command, in Boston, from $30 to $60 per week; in New York from $40 to $100; in Philadelphia from $30 to $70; in Cincinnati from $25 to $50; in Chicago, from $40 to $80; in St. Louis, from $20 to $45; and in San Francisco from $25 to $65. There are about 1,000 towns in the United States engaged in work upon daily and weekly newspapers. Half of them receive from $10 to $35 per week.

White-paper bills cut a big figure in the outlay of the newspaper publisher. Here are the annual paper bills of eighteen leading journals:

Atlanta Constitution	$ 62,000
Baltimore American	103,000
Boston Herald	315,000
Boston Globe	165,000
Chicago Herald	265,000
Chicago News	224,000
Chicago Tribune	195,000
Cincinnati Enquirer	2,200,000
Kansas City Journal	52,000
Louisville Courier-Journal	135,000
Minneapolis Tribune	60,000
New York World	667,500
Philadelphia Press	245,000
Philadelphia Times	165,000
San Francisco Call	120,000
San Francisco Examiner	155,000
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	205,000
St. Louis Republic	120,000

Following are the weekly composition bills of several of the great dailies:

Baltimore American	$2,000
Boston Globe	4,100
Chicago Herald	5,100
Chicago News	1,500
Chicago Tribune	8,500
Cincinnati Enquirer	3,200
New York Herald	3,700
New York Times	3,000
New York World	6,000
Philadelphia Ledger	2,150
San Francisco Call	1,650
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	2,700
St. Louis Republic	2,000

The New York *Sun* pays $140 per week to proofreaders; the New York *Times* and New York *Tribune*, $245 each; and the New York *Herald* and New York *World*, $315 each. A new "dress" of type for the New York *Times* or New York *Tribune* costs $12,000; for the New York *Herald*, $15,000, including mailing type; and for the New York *World*, $13,590, excluding mailing type. As a rule, new type is purchased annually.

Newspapers have two sources of income—advertisements and sales of copies. The former is greater than the latter, but not in a proportion so overwhelming as is generally supposed. Most dailies in our largest cities realize as income about the proportion of one-third from subscription and sales.

Never before was newspaper competition so fierce as now. Vast investments are at stake and the best brains are commanded at salaries which, already high, are steadily growing higher. Yet here is the opinion of Mr. George W. Childs:

In my twenty-five years' experience I have never seen a daily newspaper injured by competition. If a paper degenerates, as many have done within my recollection, the cause is always to be found inside, not outside, its own office. I have seen one publisher take another publisher's business, never, though, because of the superior ability of the former, but always because of the marked incompetence of the latter. Daily papers sometimes die of dry-rot, sometimes reach the sheriff's hands through political blunders, internal quarrels, or jealous ambitions; but a paper that is successful, wide-awake, and honest can never be injured by competition, however fierce.

He Gave Them a Bluff.

Two reporters were standing at Fourth and Race at midnight last night. The fellow who approached them was seedy and cheeky. He was so seedy that in a warmer clime he might have sprouted. He did not look like a banker, but he talked like one. "I say, gents," he remarked to the two young men, "please gimme ten cents, won't yer?" "I gave you a dime on Vine street not an hour ago," said one of the reporters. "I'll bet yer five dollars yer didn't," was the amazing retort. "I haven't that much money with me," the reporter said, aghast. "Well," remarked the seedy man, as a look of disgust did for his thirty cents, "if yer don't want to make any statements unless yer got de money to back 'em up. See!"—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

On American and English Voices.

"A charming girl for a man of a quiet, easy temperament. The great trouble is with her voice. It is pitched a full note too high. It is penetrating, disturbing, and would wear out a nervous man without his ever knowing what was the matter with him. A good many crazy northern people would recover their reason if they could live for a year or two among the blacks of the Southern States. But the penetrating, perturbing quality of the voices of many of our Northern women has a great deal to answer for in the way of determining love and friendship. You remember that dear friend of ours who left us not long since? If there were more voices like hers, the world would be a different place to live in. I do not believe any man or woman ever came within the range of those sweet, tranquil tones without being hushed, captivated, entranced! I might almost say, by their calming, soothing influence. You do not imagine the tones in which those words, 'Peace, be still,' were spoken! Such was the effect of the voice to which but a few weeks ago we were listening. It is hard to believe that it has died out of human consciousness. Can such a voice be spared from that world of happiness to which we fondly look forward, where we love to dream, if we do not believe with assured conviction, that whatever is loveliest in this our moral condition shall be with us again as an undying possession? Your English friend has a very agreeable voice, round, cheery, and her articulation is charming. Other things being equal, I think you, who are, perhaps, oversensitive, would live from two to three years longer with her than with the other. I suppose a man who lived within hearing of a murmuring brook would find his life shortened if the mill were set up within earshot of his dwelling."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Atlantic.*

Thought He Was a Passenger.

"I have been on this road twenty years, and know what I am talking about," said the conductor to a passenger who complained of the slow time.

"Twenty years!" gasped the passenger. "What station did you get on at?"

Grandfather's Clock.

Gamby—Funny, about a clock, eh?
Bolus—I never noticed. What?
Gamby—Always striking, but never stops work.

On the High Seas.

First Mate—Well, sir, things are going smoothly now, sir.

Captain—Yes. That is because several of the sailors have been ironed—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Hands with the Shears.

Tall Boy—Hello, kid; who cut yer hair?
Short Boy—My father cut it.
Tall Boy—Hah! Yer father a barber?
Short Boy—Naw; he's a editor.—*Light.*

It Sometimes Happens.

Amy—Clara, what is the title of your graduation essay?
Clara—Filial Duty.
"Is it finished?"
"No. I have been so busy helping mother with her household duties, and waiting on father who is sick, that I haven't been able to write a line all week; but I hope to finish it in time for commencement."

(It sometimes happens that way, notwithstanding the jokes of the newspaper humorist.) —*Norristown Herald.*

A Remedy.

Rev. Longnecker—Dear, I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon.

Little Tommy—Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit.—*The Epoch.*

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Wife (a moment later)—How do my crimps look?
Husband—They're all right.
Wife (a moment later still)—Do these gloves look soiled?
Husband—No. (Then, after a pause)—Is my mustache on straight?

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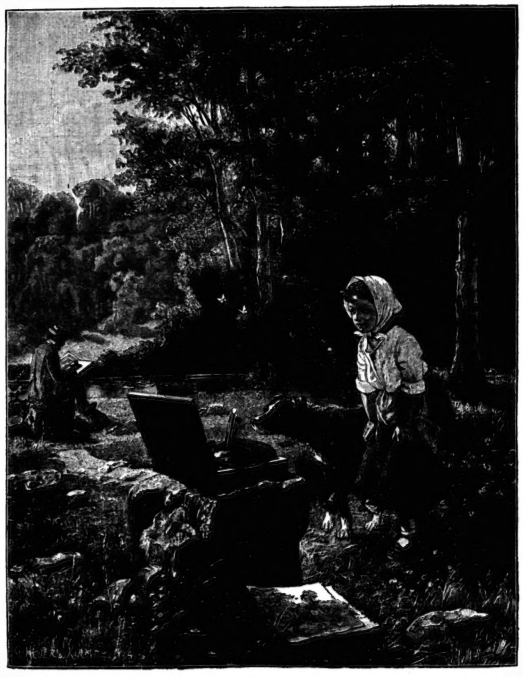

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Choice Trimmings Always on Hand.
In addition to the above, Ladies' Underwear and Children's Clothing will receive special attention. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Tennis at Winnipeg.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Stobart, Mr. Howell, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Tullock, Mr. Yarker and others divided the honors at the courts, while many men, young and old, enjoyed the lesser game of bowls. It was a bewitchingly gay scene to see so many pretty women and athletic men waging fun and battle at the two double courts and ten of the older men playing bowls at one time upon a beautiful lawn dotted with hosts of enthusiastic onlookers, and heightened with effective fire smudges to keep the Manitoba mosquito at bay. Mrs. Howell presided over the whole, and directed the movements from tea to tennis, bowls to dancing, and finally at the supper-table, where refreshments disappeared with rapidity, and that chat and chaff only attainable where the host and hostess have the enviable faculty of making the guests feel at home.

On Saturday another tennis party came off—this time upon the beautiful grounds with three double courts of Mrs. Fred Brydges. The play was good, the guests happy, the high tea excellent and the hostess charming. Mrs. Brydges gets the right players together and kind as she is to her local friends, those from a distance are hunted up and made feel that while there is no place like home there are places where the traveler enjoys himself and feels welcome and grateful.

The tennis club is fortunate in having for its president Mr. Wrigley, the chief commissioner of the H. B. Co., a gentleman strong in the 50 class, a genial host and a generous patron of the game. On Saturday last the grounds were formally opened, the President and Mrs. Wrigley having extended personal invitations to Lieut. Gov. and Mrs. Schultz and nearly four hundred people to 5 o'clock tea. Tea, principally deliciously cool claret cup, lemonade, ice creams, cake, etc., etc., was served in a large tent graciously presided over by Miss Wrigley and assisted by several fair friends. The band of the Royal School of Infantry played a programme of cheery music. Plenty of seats were provided for non-players and the ground is large enough for hundreds of people to promenade. Add to these that there are seven courts, ladies' and gentlemen's separate club houses, fine weather and a great many good players and you have the perfection of a tennis afternoon. I picked out as the most promising players Mr. Toole and Mr. Stobart, and among the ladies Mrs. Street and the Misses Beckett, one of the latter assisting me—nay, if not winning for me—in a double. I found out afterwards, however, that my delightful partner was held in honored esteem by my young and handsome opponent, and perhaps this had something to do with my side's lucky win. Be this as it may, and nothing could be nicer, I hope "we four" shall often meet again. While loyal to Toronto, from whence I hail, I must admit I never saw on any tennis ground so many beautiful women so tastefully and appropriately dressed and so many manly young fellows taking part in the games, and I never saw tennis so eagerly enjoyed. Y.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Dreary and lonely and deserted old Niagara-on-the-Lake may be in winter, with its wide, desolate, snow-driven streets, and only a solitary figure visible here and there, wandering like a lost spirit across an unpeopled desert. But over the wide earth there is no sweeter or fairer little retreat in summer. Far and near its fame as a delightful and fashionable resort is spreading; and, verily, for the last twelve days at least it has proved itself worthy the name. Independent of the excitement and gaiety which of necessity come with the coming of the camp, it has been unusually gay this month, and crowds of well-known people have thronged here from the surrounding cities to assist in making the little town more attractive still. At the festival held in the park, June 25, under the management of the ladies of St. Mark's Parish Guild, and given in honor of and for the especial benefit of the officers and men in camp, I noticed very many familiar faces, as well as a number of new visitors. Among them were the Misses Winnett of the Queen's Royal, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter—the latter lending her valuable assistance at the ice cream booth—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. McPike of St. Louis, Mrs. Ramsay of Queenston, Mrs. Morson, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Harvey, Miss Henderson and Miss Kirkpatrick of Chippawa, Miss Connie Beardmore, Miss Bertha Strathy, Rev. J. C. Garratt, the Ven. Archdeacon of Niagara and Mrs. McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. Tuonger, Miss Alice Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Miss Mills of Toronto, Mr. Leslie Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss Fahlan of Toronto and a number of others. The various booths were in charge of the different members of the guild, all most tastefully and artistically decorated, the prettiest, perhaps, being the flower booth which was presided over by a bevy of fair ones only rivalled in beauty by the exquisite blossoms they so successfully offered the crowd of purchasers who seemed to find that particular spot so attractive. The band of the 12th Battalion very kindly offered their services for the evening and those present enjoyed the rare treat of an excellent programme of music. At the close of the evening one of the gentlemen present brought forward the bandmaster at the request of the ladies. One of them in a short, but charming little speech, thanked him most cordially for assisting so ably in making the festival a success, and in the name of the ladies at the ice cream booth presented him with an enormous cake, gaily decorated with ivy and in the center a deep crimson rose, which a few moments later shone from a dark uniform as the gratified leader marched his men campward.

A great number of strangers also came on Friday for the sham battle, which brought the twelve days camp to a close. Early in the afternoon crowds gathered from every direction and thronged the ramparts of old Fort George, from which a splendid view of the field could be obtained. Although the heat during the first part of the afternoon brought a rather unbecomingly deep flush to many an otherwise bewitching face, few found it too warm to remain for the exciting and splendid manœuvres which later delighted the large crowd of spectators. The excitement of some of the ladies became slightly alarming, and once a few feeble screams relieved the feelings of the more timid when a line of red-coated skirmishers unexpectedly charged up the side of the fort embankment, but the smiling faces of the invading party were so reassuring that the fears of the fair ones were soon lost in the intense interest with which they watched the advance of pursuers and the retreat of the routed enemy. Among those present were Miss Otter, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Capt. McDougall, the Misses Hendrie of Hamilton, Miss Baldwin, Miss Chaffey, Mrs. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Thompson of Simcoe, the Misses Anderson of Fort Erie, Rev. Dr. Ker, Miss Geale, Miss Madeline Geale, the Misses Paffard, Mrs. and

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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The Funny Man's Garden	By P. McArthur
Why Smith Never Married	By D. A. McKellar
On a Summer Shore	By William Wilfred Campbell
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Prairie Sonnets	By Nicholas Flood Davin
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AIR RIFLE!

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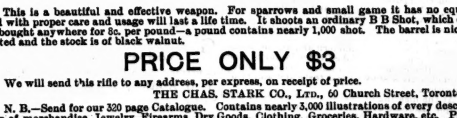

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WM. BEATTY & SON, 3 King Street East.

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Miss Arnold, Miss Geoffrey, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Macdougall, Miss Bertha Strathy, Rev. J. C. Garratt, Mr. and Miss Wells of London, Eng., Miss Ilene Doyle of Simcoe, Miss Ker, Mr. Byron Hostetter, Miss Edith Bernard, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. McPike, also a number of officers from Fort Niagara.

Miss Howard and Miss Edith Howard of The Pines, Bloor street, have been visiting friends at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

As the Cibola entered the harbor last Friday afternoon the chimes from the gray tower of St. Mark's rang out the sweet old air Home From a Foreign Shore to welcome to her native village once again Mrs. Barclay—nee Miss Louisa Dickson—who for the past seventeen years has been residing in England. She is at present stopping at the Queen's Royal Hotel with her niece, Miss Bessie Dickson, but will leave on Wednesday to visit relations at Galt. It is with deep regret that her many friends learn of her intention to return to her English home very shortly.

Miss Bertha Strathy spent a few days last week with Mrs. J. C. Garratt of Niagara. Quite a number of Toronto people have already settled themselves in the old town for the summer, among them being Mr. Morgan Baldwin and family at Delatre Lodge, Mr. Thomas Ince in his beautiful little cottage on the bank of the river, Dr. and Mrs. J. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. G. Beardmore, who with her family will occupy one of the picturesque little cottages at the Chautauqua; Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Russell and family, who are stopping at Doyle's Hotel.

MONTREAL.

The Wimbledon team with Colonel Prior in command left by the Parisian last week. They take with them the Kolapore cup and it is hoped will bring it back with them. Colonel Prior before leaving entertained a few of his friends at dinner at the Windsor.

Quite a number of distinguished visitors have been in town lately—amongst them were Sir Adolphe Caron, Mr. J. H. Bugstall of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McMillan, Mr. John Cameron, Major A. H. Todd, Captain C. H. Grey and Sir John and Lady Thompson.

The Montreal Chess Club meets every day from 4 to 6 p.m. and on the evenings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at the Chess Club rooms on Phillip's square.

I am requested to state there are no such things as spiritualists in Montreal, the handwriting of my correspondent was somewhat shaky and the word was mistaken for another botanist or zoologist, he is not sure which, but he regrets having inadvertently used the term in connection with some worthy citizens.

Mr. W. E. Carsly, the eldest son of Mr. S. Carsly, has been admitted a partner of the firm of Mr. Carsly, the well-known merchant.

Mr. George Kemp left on Wednesday on an extended fishing expedition to the Godbout river opposite Rimouski and Little Metis.

Mr. James Kent, circuit manager of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company, has been promoted to the superintendency of the eastern division, with headquarters at Montreal. Mr. Jennings has succeeded Mr. Kent as circuit manager.

Mr. R. G. Dun, the mercantile agency magnate of New York, has, as well as a number of Montrealers, an extensive fishing ground on the Cascapedia. Mr. Dun has an income of $500,000 a year, and lives *en prince* at Narragansett in summer and Madison avenue, New York, in winter. In his residence in New York he has some magnificent specimens of French and American art. His other hobby is fishing in Canadian salmon rivers. Some years ago he entertained President Arthur here.

Great indignation is felt in some quarters at the idea of the names of some people appearing in the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT. Perhaps it would astonish many to hear that not only do people request their names to be published, but actually write long descriptions of themselves and their movements.

A new order of priests has been established in Montreal—the Franciscans. The chapel is a very fine one, though as yet unfinished. In the sacristry are a number of costly ecclesiastical ornaments. Father Orton has received the applications for admittance to the order, the members of which live very ascetic lives. The bedrooms of the monastery are furnished with the utmost severity.

Mrs. Archibald Inglis left for Toronto on Monday morning for a short visit.

The *fete* at Sohmer Park was an undoubted success, and our French Canadian ladies, who are without doubt the most charming and attractive members of our society, did their best to make the affair go off well. The charming Madame Grenier presided, and was assisted in her praiseworthy task by Mrs. Jette, Mrs. C. Laberge, Mrs. J. B. Resthu, Mrs. Louis Allard, Mrs. Z. Prevost, Mrs. Brosseau, Mrs. F. L. Beique, Mrs. Deniers, Miss Desjardins, Miss Poince and Miss Beaudry.

The horticultural booth, which was the spot *par excellence* of attraction, was very prettily decorated with a tricolor canopy, and this contrasted well with the bright green foliage and colors of the flowers on the stalls. Among the votaries of Flora were Mrs. J. B. Thibadeau, Mrs. Mazo, who looked remarkably handsome; Mrs. Amos, Miss Baby, Miss Dorion, Miss Barnard, Miss Olivier, Miss Geoffrion, Miss Masson, Miss Hubert, Miss Roy, Miss Traversier, Miss Archambault.

It was that prince of humorists, Mark Twain, who trenchantly and truly remarked that to treat was such a holy city you could not throw a brickbat across the street without breaking a church window. There is also another proverb about the nearer the church, etc., the number of churches is still increasing, let us hope the proverb will not be justified.

Sir Donald Smith's picture gallery is well worth a visit. He possesses some fine specimens of ancient and modern art, and is without doubt an accomplished connoisseur of fine arts. His choice of Homer, Cowl and other French artists shows great taste and ability of selection.

At the meeting of the second twelve of the Maple Lacrosse Club Mr. H. S. Lamplough was elected captain and Mr. J. Hone secretary.

Baseball is evidently a failure in Montreal, and it seems as if lacrosse and baseball could not flourish in the same atmosphere.

Mr. Charles Martin left on Monday to represent the Montreal Lawn Tennis Club at the Toronto tournament.

The McGill College cricket eleven met and defeated the Point St. Charles Club on the McGill grounds on Saturday.

Mr. and the Misses Finlayson of Victoria, British Columbia, were in Montreal for a few days last week on their way to Europe, where they will make an extended trip through the British Isles and the Continent, returning to this side about December.

I hear glowing accounts from Paris of the brilliant success of two young Canadian artists, Miss Margaret Houghton and Miss M. Bell. The former is a Montrealer.

BELLEVILLE.

The officers of the 15th Battalion were accompanied on their trip up to Toronto carnival by several lady relatives, among them Mrs. S. S. Lazier, wife of the colonel, Mrs. T. Lazier, Miss Starling, Miss Edith Simpson and Miss Annie Elliott.

Mr. Clifton Grannum and Mrs. Grannum left on Monday for New York to sail on Wednesday for their home in Barbadoes.

The Misses Corby, Miss Kathleen Bell, Miss Walker and Miss Ada Lingham are home for the holidays.

Colonel Strong, United States consul, has been notified that the change to Republican government will necessitate his removal. The removal of the genial colonel will be much regretted.

Mrs. Herkimer and her two daughters, Mrs. Gildersleeve and Miss Herkimer, left by steamer, Hero, on Monday morning for Kingston. Mrs. Herkimer has been seriously ill for several weeks, and it is hoped the change will be of benefit.

Miss Moss of Toronto is the guest of Miss Biggar.

Mr. Charles Wilkins, fishery inspector, one of our oldest citizens, has been seriously ill.

Mr. M. Hinds, accountant of the Merchants' Bank, is absent on a holiday trip.

PENETANGUISHENE.

The Bacheloes and Benedicts of Midland and Penetanguishene gave their annual ball at the Penetanguishene last Wednesday. The visitors were charmed with the house and grounds, the latter being beautifully lighted for the occasion. The evening was a most enjoyable one. The guests from Midland came by water.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. Hal Osler, Miss Osler and a number of their friends have been staying at the Penetanguishene during the past week, in which they will make their summer home at Honey Harbor. The new boat is a model of ingenuity and comfort, and will be one of the jolliest floating homes among the islands.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell of Chicago have also taken their family and a large party of friends out to the islands in a house-boat. They will return and remain for the summer at the Penetanguishene.

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and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

COTTERILL—At Toronto, on June 1, Mrs. J. Cotterill—a daughter.

HOWLAND—At Toronto, on June 28, Mrs. W. H. Howland—a son.

DOWER—At Bridgeport, Conn., on June 26, Mrs. William T. Dower—a son.

PYKE—At Toronto, on June 28, Mrs. George Pyke—a daughter.

RATHBUN—At Deseronto, on June 28, Mrs. M. H. B. Rathbun—a son.

RYERSON—At Toronto, on June 28, Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson—a son.

SCOTT—At Toronto, on June 28, Mrs. A. Y. Scott—a son.

SEYLER—At Toronto, on June 24, Mrs. W. H. Seyler—a son.

TAYLOR—At Toronto, on June 25, Mrs. Geo. C. Taylor—a son.

ECKARDT—At Toronto, on June 29, Mrs. H. P. Eckardt—a daughter.

STICKELS—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. George T. Stickells—a daughter.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, on July 1, Mrs. Frederick C. Anderson—a son.

GORDON—At Toronto, on June 24, Mrs. Christopher M. Gordon—a daughter.

MADILL—At Toronto, on July 1, Mrs. Wm. Madill—a son.

O'CONNOR—At Barrie, on June 23, Mrs. James O'Connor—a son.

Marriages.

McAULIFFE—DAVIDSON—At St. Mary's Church, Toronto, on July 1, by Rev. Father Rooney, Mr. M. McAuliffe to Miss Maggie Davidson, both of Toronto.

GIBSON—PARKER—At Gananoque, on June 25, by Rev. H. Grassy, Charles J. Gibson of Toronto to Hattie, second daughter of Henry Parker, Esq., of Gananoque.

PEUCHEN—BOWDEN—At All Saints' Church, on June 1, by Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, Stanley C. Peuchen to Mary K., fifth daughter of John W. Bowden, both of Toronto.

PEGG—GEARNS—At Barrie, on July 1, W. F. Pegg to Margaret Orvilla Gearns.

BARNES—CROSS—At Toronto, on June 24, Herbert Cecil Barnes to Constance Cross.

FORBES—COLEMAN—At Toronto, on June 26, Louis Forbes to Lucy A. Coleman.

McQUARRIE—LAMON—At Dundalk, on June 25, Hector McQuarrie to Alice Katherine Lamon.

MILLER—LAURANCE—At Montreal, Lawrence Miller of Toronto to Juliet Laurance.

SCOTT—McINTYRE—At Otonabee, on June 25, Charles J. Scott of Toronto to Mary McIntyre.

HENDERSON—VANSTONE—At Uxbridge, on June 25, Norman H. Boden of Toronto to Fannie Ethel Vanstone.

HENDERSON—LOUDON—At Toronto, on June 30, Stewart Alexander Henderson of Ottawa to Alice Loudon.

MORPHY—HESS—At West Toronto Junction, on July 1, Hugh Boston Morphy to Maclaiana Hess.

IRWIN—WILEY—At Toronto, on June 18, John A. Irwin to Jennie Wiley.

ROBERTS—O'CONNOR—At Toronto, on June 7, W. C. Roberts to Cordelia O'Connor.

RITCHIE—SCOTT—At Brampton, on July 2, Mary S. Scott to George M. Ritchie.

Deaths.

McMAHON—At Toronto, James McMahon, aged 74 years.

WRIGHT—At Toronto, on June 27, Mrs. Thomas Wright.

ROSS—At Toronto, on June 29, infant son of Douglas A. and Elizabeth Ross, aged 7 months.

BENNETT—At Roxborough, on June 29, Hon. Thomas H. Bennett, aged 87 years.

MUTCH—At Toronto, on June 29, infant son of Rev. John Mutch.

HARRISON—At Toronto, on June 29, May Harrison, aged 18 years.

CLARK—At Toronto, on July 1, William A. Clark, aged 21 years.

McNAUGHTON—At Dominionville, on June 14, Mrs. Isabella McNaughton, aged 75 years.

BEATY—At Toronto, on June 30, John Beaty.

CROIL—At Sunnyside, on June 30, John Croil, aged 65 years.

DAY—At Toronto, on June 30, Henry Day, sr.

HEWARD—At Toronto, on July 1, Mrs. Eliza Paul Heward.

McKELLAR—At Toronto, on June 30, Mrs. Peter D. McKellar.

CAMERON—On June 26, Mrs. Lachlan Cameron, aged 46 years.

DONALDSON—At Toronto, on June 30, infant son of Fred W. and Lina Donaldson, aged 10 months.

FISHER—On July 1, Mrs. David Fisher, aged 51 years.

PATTON—At Hamilton, on June 27, Andrew J. Patton, aged 52 years.

YOUNG—At Trenton, on July 2, Rev. Wm. Young, aged 82 years.

CLARKE—At Millbrook, on July 1, Rev. Richard Clarke.

BARNGTON—At Brantford, on June 30, Josiah Marshall Barington aged 72 years.

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